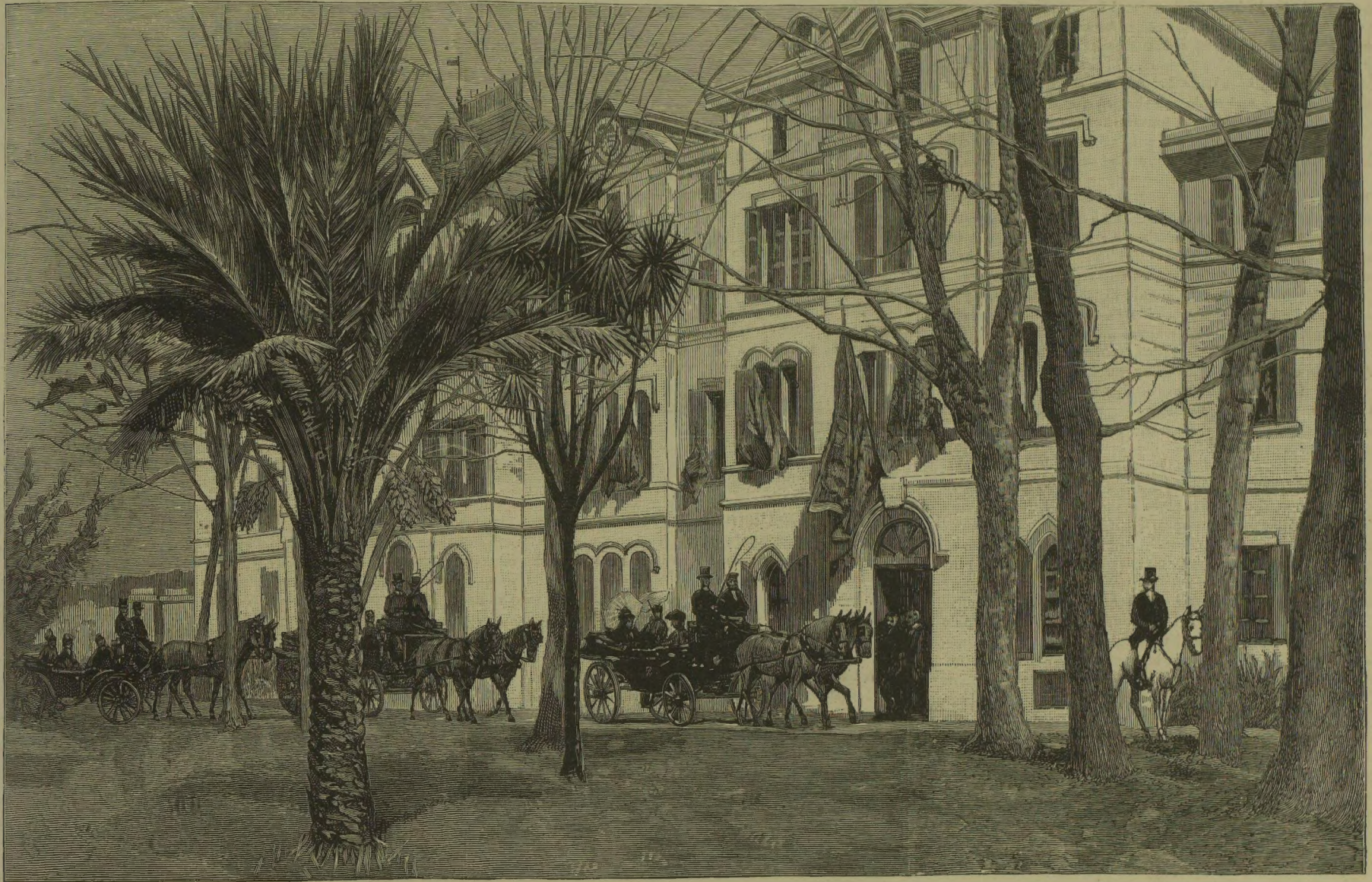


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

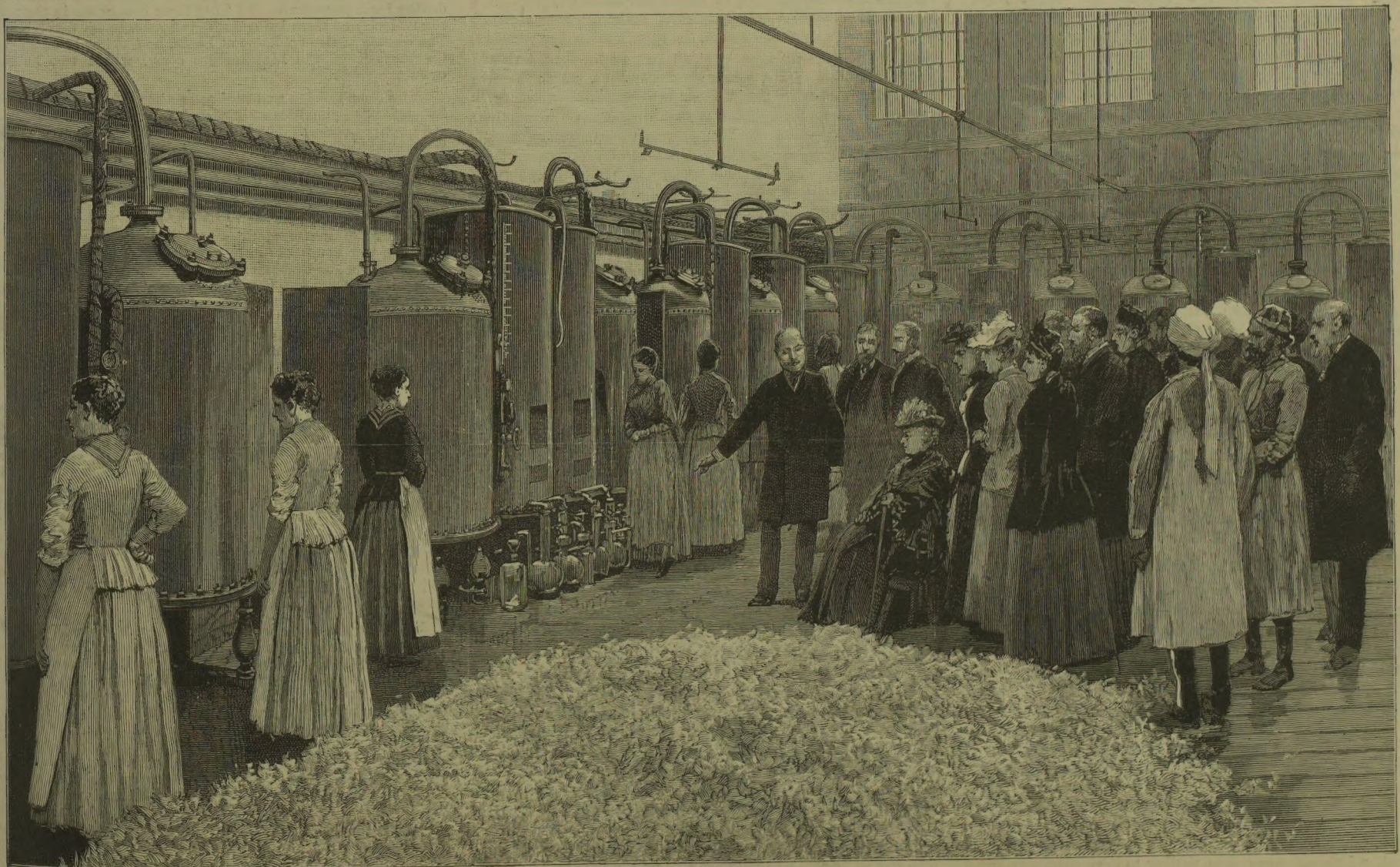
No. 2714.—VOL. XXVIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

TWO {SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



VISIT TO M. CHIRIS'S PERFUME-MANUFACTORY.



M. CHIRIS' EXPLAINING THE DISTILLING PROCESS.

THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An exhibition of pictures by well-known writers is now on view in Paris; and interest in the painters rather than excellence in the painting is naturally what renders it popular. The catalogue, indeed, which is sold for a charitable object, states in a most modest though humorous way that the exhibitors neither ask for praise nor expect it. One of them is even careful to point out in his work that "what is red represents rocks, that which is pink varied with blue is the sea, and the sky is above it. Now that red, that pink, and that blue is what we painters call 'a study in grey.'" There is no jealousy aroused by these pictorial efforts in the minds of professional artists. As a rule, literary men have no idea of drawing, though there have been exceptions. Thackeray could draw, and so could Hood after a fashion, and in a very effective way, but they would neither of them have become Royal Academicians. Mr. Lear, it is true, painted beautifully, but then his literature was only after a fashion. If the whole company of living English authors were to give up their miserable profession to-morrow, and exchange the pen for the paint-brush, their change of calling would have no terrors for the denizens in Melbury Place. They would only smile, like the gods who sit above the thunder, "them not caring one blow."

But it is a very different matter when the professional painter exchanges—no, not exchanges, but takes up his pen in odd moments instead of his brush. He can write (confound him)—sometimes—as well as paint. That a class who make thousands a year by their art, who have, as it were, great flocks and herds of their own, should thus break into the poor writer's fold, and deprive him of his ewe lamb—or a quarter of lamb—seems to me, to say the least of it, deplorable. "How can they, *can* they, do so?" It was only the other day that an Associate of the Royal Academy published a three-volume novel; and now Mr. Du Maurier is about to do the same, and also to illustrate it with his charming pencil. To think that so admirable and, as he is often called, so "conscientious" an artist should be so wicked!

No doubt there are some things "better managed in France" than with us, but it must be considered that in many cases this is owing to our natural disadvantages. We cannot have the *motif* of many French novels, nor the plots of their plays, in our own productions, because we are still (though very slightly) hampered by what some call our "insularity," and others our sense of decency. The solar clock in the Palais Royal, of which our neighbours are about to celebrate the centenary, and which is, no doubt, an interesting scientific institution, cannot be paralleled in this country. "The little cannon is loaded, and over the touch-hole a hammer hung, held back by a horsehair. A lens above catches and focusses the sunshine, and when the sun crosses the Meridian the horsehair shrivels up," and by the explosion Paris is informed that it is noon. But how is London to be informed of the fact by any such means? Speaking generally, we have not had sunshine enough to swear by, far less to shrivel a horsehair, since Sept. 25. The solar clock can, therefore, never be a British institution.

I used to think that, as a picture of native life in India, and of Anglo-Indian life, and also of the great drama of the Indian Mutiny, "The Touchstone of Peril" could never be beaten. It must now own a superior in "Eight Days," which, however, is written by the same author, Mr. Forrest. Those who were in our great dependency during that dreadful time alone can witness to the vivid truth of its descriptions; but its pictures (though painted "in the hues of eclipse"), the awful contrast in the lives of our fellow-countrymen before and after the outbreak—the comforts exchanged for abject want, the perfect safety for extremest peril—the dramatic situations, the catastrophes, the hairbreadth escapes, these are things that can be appreciated by any reader. The story has, of course, its faults: the carnage is too indiscriminate; the very characters we would have kept with us till the end—the best and the wisest—are swept away. Though things right themselves at last, the sacrifices in the meanwhile are too numerous. But when all is said that can be said in the way of depreciation, the book remains to my mind one of the most enthralling that has been written within my recollection. Where there is so much of admirable narrative it is difficult to say what is best; but the black steed of Lennox will live as long as the horse which saved the girl from the bushrangers in "Geoffrey Hamlyn," and the escape of Major Coote and his family with Hay is a narrative on which the reader hangs with such absorbing sympathy that he seems to be himself of the party.

It is a very curious coincidence that "Eight Days," with its terrible account of the massacre in the Palace at Khizrabad, should appear at the very time when the catastrophe of Manipur is ringing in our ears. Even the very names of some of the victims are identical.

There are some silly people who tell us that the short story does not flourish in this country—which is a short story of itself, and "a good one." There are plenty of examples to disprove it, and the last is a collection of them called "Noughts and Crosses," by Q. Anyone who reads "The Statement of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman" or "The Affair of Bleakirk-on-Sands," without appreciating them, is one whose opinion on short stories may (as the mathematicians say) be "neglected": he is too insignificant, from the critical point of view, to be worth counting. There are also in the little volume certain sketches of life, mere hints of human nature—as, for instance, "The Omnibus"—which are admirable. As a literary gentleman of my acquaintance, who does not think small beer of himself, remarked of certain narratives published by a friend, "I should have been willing to have them attributed to my own pen: I cannot say more than *that*."

The report that "the quaint costume" of the Bluecoat boys is about to be abolished is, I am sorry to say, of doubtful authenticity. The only defence for the dress was that, being a badge of charity, it prevented persons of means, for whom the institution was not established, from sending their sons to it; but it is well known that it did not prevent them. Nothing in the way of inconvenience (except to themselves) prevents people getting a good thing cheap. The garb in question was not only the most hideous known to civilised eyes, but especially unfitted for the exercise and amusements of youth. Of course there would be some "Old Blues" (who have long ceased to wear it) to indulge in sentimental regrets; but its abolition would be welcome to everybody who knows what young Blues suffer from long gowns, yellow stockings, and bare heads. "Oh! Charity! what things are done in thy name!" The dress of a Christ's Hospital boy is one of them.

It is not often, one is glad to think, that a church is made the scene of a farcical comedy except by accident, or what Paley calls an "undesigned coincidence," and for a brief interval; but there is reason to believe (for *Truth* itself tells the tale) that for two years an organist, in consequence of a quarrel with his rector, has been sitting opposite his "kist full of whistles" (as the Scotch gentleman called it), but forbidden to play it, while an American organ has led the service, let us hope "in another place"—not actually in the same gallery. A more humorous condition of affairs it is difficult to imagine. If it had been in America, the well-known appeal to the congregation, "Do not shoot the organist, he does his best," would have to be altered to suit the circumstances. What we are not told, and what we would like to know, is what the organist did with himself during this enforced leisure. It always struck me when a boy that the position of that official in his little loft with the curtain drawn was a most enviable one: he could do what he liked, secure from observation, and "when he worked he only played"; but *this* gentleman had not even to play. *What* did he do for those two years all alone in his loft? Perhaps composed in his head dead marches for the rector's funeral, and thought how freely (under certain circumstances) he could forgive him.

The "Sheffield Group" of Anarchists have been issuing a manifesto addressed to the criminal classes. It is a curious document, and distinguished by a singular modesty. They assert that they are themselves as immoral as the thieves, and adjure them, rather superfluously, not to lose their self-respect by ceasing to be robbers. Their mistake, indeed, as they assure them, is in believing that they do wrong in preying upon property which is (morally) lawful spoil. "Never dream," they say in effect, "of abandoning your present mode of life for that of the wretched wage-slave, but continue to thrive right and left; be assured that we are quite as bad (or good, it is difficult to know which they mean) as yourselves." Now, if the "Sheffield Group" had read the present issue of that very highflying organ of the intellectual classes, the *Monist*, they would hardly have fallen into this excess of humility. A writer in that magazine has been at the pains of examining, not only the features, but the heads (which must have been a disagreeable business) of a number of eminent Anarchists, and has come to the conclusion that they have not much in common with those of the criminal class. Out of thirty Russian Nihilists only two presented the criminal type. [The examination, by the way, of 321 Italian Revolutionists (against Austria) resulted, as might have been expected, in a very small proportion—two per cent. *less* than in normal men.] Out of fifty Paris Communists, the type was twelve per cent. only, but the insane type was ten per cent. In a hundred Turin Anarchists the type was thirty-four, while in two hundred prisoners in the jail the type was more than forty per cent. In the forty-three Chicago Anarchists, the criminal type was forty per cent. What seems very curious (though "it is also very frequent in normal men"), the ears of all these last were without lobes. The psychology of the Paris Communards showed "true moral insensibility and an innate cruelty," and it is certain, we are told, "that many Anarchists regard brigands as their brothers in arms. Booth had for his accomplice Payne (spelt with an *e*, though), a murderer by profession." Upon the whole, however, this scientific gentleman comes to the conclusion that, though the more violent Anarchists "possess the degenerative characters common to criminals—and the insane—they are not true criminals." The "Sheffield Group," therefore, would seem to take too modest a view of their moral status.

The admirers of that species of dramatic entertainment technically described as "leg pieces" will not henceforth visit Minnesota for that recreation. The Legislature of the State has passed a law which renders it a misdemeanour for any actress to show what the Act describes as "her nether limb or limbs." Whether the use of both singular and plural is in accordance with legal phraseography, or employed to include one-leg dancers, is doubtful; but it sounds (literally) odd. However, it is certain that "nether limb" pieces are forbidden in Minnesota.

The medical evidence laid before the Committee of the House of Commons respecting the various effects of intoxicating drinks is, to say the least of it, curious. It seems to prove that the compulsory bonding of certain spirits for some years before they are issued for public consumption is highly necessary, since, when unmitigated by time, their physiological effect is deplorable. Even under the best of circumstances, says science, whisky has a tendency, when taken in excess, to bring a man "prone on his face"; beer and wine, on the other hand, only make him "fall on his side": the effect of champagne is not mentioned—perhaps, being "elevating," it takes him up in the air—but that of cider and perry, taken in an overdose, "throws him prostrate on his back." Gentlemen who live in Devonshire and Cornwall will, no doubt, be able to corroborate the last, at least, of these remarkable facts.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen is to leave Grasse on Tuesday, April 28, for Cherbourg, where her Majesty is to arrive on the following evening, and she will dine and sleep on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which is to start for Portsmouth early on April 30, so that, if the weather is favourable, the Queen will arrive at Windsor Castle in time for luncheon on the same day.

By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on the afternoon of April 21, at St. James's Palace, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. His Royal Highness, attended by his Gentlemen-in-Waiting and escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House at two o'clock, and was received by the great officers of State and the royal household. The Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge and Prince Christian were present, together with the Russian, Turkish, Austro-Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish Ambassadors. Among the Ministers in attendance were the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Cranbrook, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, and the Right Hon. E. Stanhope.

The Prince of Wales is to pass the Whitsuntide holidays at Yarmouth, and during his stay he will inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and present new colours to the Norfolk Regiment (3rd Battalion) at Norwich. The Militia officers will give a ball at the Townhall in honour of the event. The Prince will also open a bazaar which is to be held in aid of the fund for restoring the parish church.

According to present arrangements, the German Emperor is to arrive at Buckingham Palace on Monday, June 29, and his Majesty will stay in town until Saturday, July 4, when he is to proceed to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. The Emperor will go from Windsor on Thursday, the 9th, to Portsmouth, where he is to join his yacht.

Sunday, April 19, being the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, his statue in Parliament Square was, as usual, decorated with primroses. On April 21 the Prime Minister addressed a large gathering of the Primrose League, in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Earl and Countess of Radnor, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Limerick, and Sir Algernon Borthwick being among those present. Lord Salisbury congratulated the League upon the possession of over a million members, and expressed his satisfaction at so remarkable a demonstration that throughout all classes of society there was a devoted attachment to the institutions of the country. Referring to the Labour Commission, he claimed that neither party had a monopoly of zeal for the "improvement of the condition and of all the circumstances of life, and of all the opportunities of self-culture and all the securities against future want, which can be afforded either by the legitimate action of Parliament or by the surer, wider, and more truthful action of public opinion."

Speaking at Birmingham the same evening, Mr. Chamberlain pointed to the fact that of the working classes one in two, if he reached the age of sixty, was almost certain to have to go upon the poor law for his subsistence, and urged that it was the duty of statesmen to attempt to find some remedy for this state of things in a system of national insurance, but whether compulsory or voluntary he was not prepared to say.

A meeting was held on April 21, at Derby, to arrange the preliminaries for the Queen's visit to the borough to open the new County Infirmary in May. Letters promising additional subscriptions were read from Sir William Harcourt, who sent 200 guineas, and Mr. Roe, M.P., who sent 100 guineas. The workmen at many of the factories and workshops have decided to give a day's pay to the fund. The Mayor will give a banquet to the principal inhabitants, and is arranging for Volunteers to line the route of the procession, and for several hundred school-children to sing at intervals along the route.

The influenza epidemic at Sheffield is assuming a serious aspect. Many public officials, clergymen, and doctors are down with it, and one third of the workmen of some of the large works have been attacked. In one week there were forty deaths from pneumonia and forty from bronchitis in the town, the majority of these being due to influenza in the first instance. The disease is also epidemic at Leeds, and it has broken out at Cleethorpes, on the Lincolnshire coast, where two hundred cases are reported.

Miss Jane Cobden was sued some time ago by Sir Walter de Souza for five penalties of £50 each for voting as a member of the County Council. Mr. Justice Day decided that a woman was not qualified to act as a County Councillor, and ordered Miss Cobden to pay five mitigated penalties of £25 each. The lady appealed, and the Court of Appeal has decided unanimously that she cannot sit on the Council; but they have reduced the penalties to 10s. in each case.

Before the House of Commons Committee on the Bill to regulate the hours of railway servants, Alfred Thomas, a signalman on the Cambrian Railway, said that in July last he was on more than one occasion on duty for forty consecutive hours, and he found it very difficult to keep awake so long. At other times he had worked thirty-seven and twenty-four consecutive hours. A shunter employed on the same line, at Oswestry, said that on alternate Tuesdays he had to work without cessation from 6 p.m. until Thursday morning at 6 a.m. His pay was 19s. a week, with overtime.

The Irish Land Purchase Bill makes slow but continuous progress in Committee. The first clause has been disposed of, and the House is now considering Clause 2, the opposition chiefly proceeding from a small band of Radicals below the gangway, led by Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Parnell has generally led his modest following to vote with the Government, and has taken a much more favourable view of the Bill than the McCarthy section. Mr. Gladstone, being rather sharply appealed to, denied that he was for voting against the second reading, and stated that his desire was to see the Bill amended, but not rejected. There are still twenty pages of amendments to come, and some are likely to be put down as the measure goes forward.

The charge of breach of promise brought by a Miss Gladys Evelyn, an actress, against Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, a well known American journalist who moved freely in English society, and who has latterly been conducting the Central News, has had a curious and somewhat indecisive result. The jury found that there was no breach of promise, and the verdict was therefore for the defendant; but they said nothing as to the authorship of a number of letters of a singularly disgraceful character which Miss Evelyn charged Mr. Hurlbert with writing. These letters formed a leading feature in the case, and Mr. Hurlbert's defence was that they were written by a mysterious literary agent of his called Wilfred Murray, who had personated him in the whole affair with Miss Evelyn, but who had since disappeared. The jury did not say whether they believed this story. Mr. Hurlbert has now announced that he is going to the States to try to find Wilfred Murray, while the plaintiff states that she will move for a new trial.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I really believe the House would die of *ennui* just now if it were not for the family jars of the Irish Party. I have watched the faces of the sportsmen in the Strangers' Gallery growing gradually wan as hour after hour went by, and there was no game afoot except Mr. Seymour Keay. An agricultural member told the Serjeant-at-Arms that the speech of Mr. Seymour Keay was like that of a corn-crake—a bird which, I understand, is of no particular account. Mr. Keay has taken the Land Bill in hand, and the House listens in stolid despair while he explains the subtleties of agrarian finance, and Mr. Balfour interposes, from time to time, with feeling remarks about the value of lucidity and coherence. What can they possibly care about this in the Strangers' Gallery? I regard that quarter as an unfailing index of public opinion. The stranger yawns, and then I know that the country regards the machinations of a disorganised Opposition with profound indifference. The stranger is alert, and then I am convinced that the nation is deeply moved by the legislative skill and patriotic spirit of her Majesty's Government. Between those extremes there are doubtless shades of public sentiment which might be accurately appreciated if the stranger were allowed to indulge in an exclamation now and then, or even to cough. But of late he has sat like a forlorn image, galvanised into life only when the family linen of the Irish Party has been openly washed and even hung on the line to dry. I can see that the sporting stranger has acquired the habit of keeping an eye on Mr. Healy. If the member for North Longford addresses the House, he is pretty certain to make personal allusions of a piquant kind to his former chief. There have been incidents of this nature on the front Opposition bench of late years. But the internecine repartee of right honourable gentlemen is scrupulously courteous. The poisoned shaft is launched with all the politeness in the world. On the Irish benches man is a little more primitive. Before the politician becomes, by the process of evolution, a right honourable, he frequently displays the untutored instinct of self-preservation, and indulges in the ruder forms of colloquial idiom.

It is interesting to observe Mr. Healy chafing within the vocabulary of Parliamentary decorum. Still more impressive is Mr. Parnell's method of personal reproof. Both these champions are accustomed to address Irish audiences with a vigour and variety of speech that knows no irksome restraint. To come fresh from a platform in Ballyblarney, where you have called the Parnellite or the Anti-Parnellite, as the case may be, a spalpeen, or a gutter-sparrow, or whatever may be the word that appeals most strongly to local taste, and to be compelled to keep your noble indignation within the phraseology permitted by the Speaker, is a severe trial, as every man of spirit must allow. To Mr. Parnell the repression is not so difficult as it is to his fiercer compatriot. The member for Cork has always been a model of Parliamentary calm. He may tear a passion to tatters elsewhere, but in the House he is generally measured and impassive. In the passage of arms with Mr. Healy the other night there was a note of bitterness in the thin voice and an ugly look in the strange eyes, but no sign that this image of cold disdain could be betrayed into frenzied incoherence. That is a side of Mr. Parnell which is reserved for Ballyblarney. At Westminster he is the frigid Parliamentarian who puts political hate into the mildest phrases. It must be confessed that the front Opposition bench is not happy when Mr. Parnell is inveighing with deadly suavity against the attitude of the Liberal Party towards the Land Purchase Bill. True, the member for Cork is not particularly consistent, but he has the rare Parliamentary faculty of exposing the inconsistency of others while ignoring his own. It seems scarcely credible that only last year Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of listening to a speech of Mr. Parnell's with his hand to his ear, anxious not to miss a word. Now the veteran chief of the Opposition sits with folded arms and stern visage, while his quondam ally scatters ashes on the grave of the buried treaty. Close personal association between two such men was never possible. But Mr. Gladstone had formed a strong admiration of Mr. Parnell's statecraft, and a genuine belief in his personal integrity. What the Liberal leader thinks now may be conjectured from the suppressed storm with which he listens to the man who was to have been the corner-stone of an Irish Parliament, and the devoted friend of a truly United Kingdom.

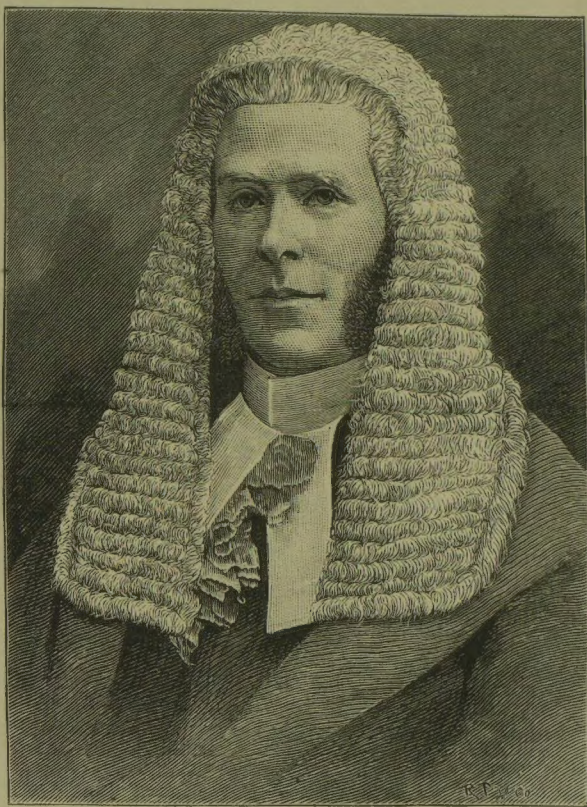
The great charm of the situation to the sportsman in the gallery must be that no occasion is too small for some Irish member to tread on the tail of the first assailable coat. The Parnellites were jubilant when Mr. Justin McCarthy failed to get his opportunity of discussing the refusal of the Government to put Mr. Davitt on the Labour Commission. The Anti-Parnellites had their revenge when Colonel Nolan, in Mr. Parnell's absence, led his party to ignominious defeat by carrying three of them and two Welsh members who mistook their way into the division lobby. I can see the expression of Mr. Parnell's face when he learned in Ballyblarney of this piece of strategy. The gallant colonel is not a great tactician. His speeches have the distinction of consisting of one sentence. I believe he has some private apparatus which enables him to talk without taking breath. There are people, I am told, who lie in tanks full of water without coming to the surface for air. Colonel Nolan makes his speeches at the bottom of a tank. I have heard him for many years, and never gathered any definite idea as to the operations of his mind; but, as the hero who led into the lobby a minority of five, he is likely to enjoy a permanent renown.

There are heroes who win victories and then display a sublime magnanimity. Sir Joseph Pease is one of them. He carried against the Government a resolution which declared that the manufacture of opium in India was an intolerable evil, and that the Indian Government ought to abandon the revenue which it derives from this source. But, rather than press his advantage, Sir Joseph announced that he was content with the Ministerial assurance that the area of poppy cultivation in India was diminishing. So the Government will not trouble themselves any further about the matter, and the Indian authorities will certainly take no steps to throw their finances into disorder by parting with several millions a year. Having relieved his mind by protesting against the immorality of making money out of a pernicious drug in India, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets a handsome revenue from alcohol at home, Sir Joseph Pease is quite happy to let the matter drop. Such is the practical virtue of the magnanimous philanthropist.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MR. JUSTICE COLLINS.

The new judge, Mr. Richard Henn Collins, Q.C., makes, by general consent, an extremely capable addition to the Bench. Mr. Collins is the son of a Queen's Counsel, an Irishman, and a Conservative. He did brilliantly at Trinity College, Dublin,



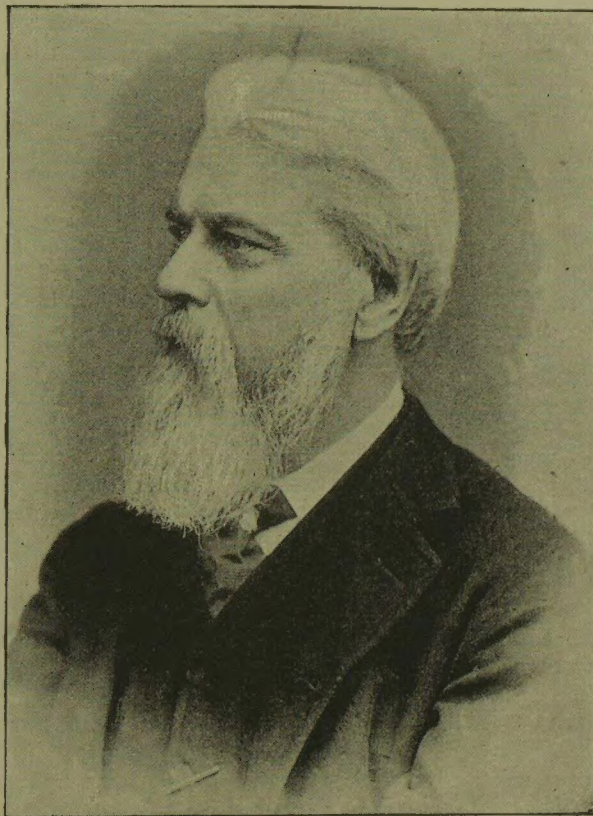
THE NEW JUDGE, MR. JUSTICE R. HENN COLLINS.

afterwards going to Cambridge, and being bracketed fourth in the classical tripos. His earlier practice was on the Northern Circuit. He has been a Q.C. for the last eight years, and he has enjoyed a reputation for accurate and wide knowledge of the law, and as an extremely sound and clear-headed advocate. Mr. Collins is married. He has sharp, precise features, which give a clue to his attainments and character. He is a very popular member of the Bar.

Our Portrait of Mr. Justice Collins is from a photograph by Messrs. Webster Brothers, of Bayswater.

## MR. H. HUCKS GIBBS, M.P.

The City of London has got an excellent representative, in the place of the late Mr. T. C. Baring, by an unopposed election at Guildhall on Saturday, April 18. Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, of St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, and Aldenham House, near Elstree, Herts, is eldest son of the late Mr. George Henry Gibbs, of Aldenham, by his marriage with Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Charles Crawley, rector of Stowe, Northamptonshire. Having been born on Aug. 30, 1819, he was educated at Rugby and at Exeter College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1841, and M.A. in due course three years later. He entered the firm of Antony Gibbs and Sons, merchants, of 15, Bishopsgate Street Within, founded by Antony Gibbs in 1804, of which firm he is now senior partner. In 1845 Mr. Hucks Gibbs



MR. HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, M.P. FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

married Louisa Anne, third daughter of Dr. William Adams, LL.D., of Thorpe, Surrey. In 1853 he became one of the directors of the Bank of England, of which he has been governor. He is in the commission of the peace for Hertfordshire and Middlesex, and filled the office of sheriff of the first-named county in 1884; is a commissioner of lieutenancy for London; patron of the vicarage of Aldenham, diocese of St. Albans, and of another living; one of the lay members of Convocation; a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of

the Royal Geographical Society, and a director of several public companies. At an important Monetary Conference, held in Paris thirteen years since, Mr. Hucks Gibbs was the present Chancellor of the Exchequer's colleague in the representation of the United Kingdom. He was a member of the Commission on Mining Royalties, and would have been a member of the Currency Commission, had it not been deemed necessary to examine him as a witness. Mr. Hucks Gibbs is a steadfast Conservative. He has much taste and accomplishment in literature and art, and is one of the contributors to the new English dictionary about to be published by the Clarendon Press, also one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and an authority on matters of finance. Mr. Hucks Gibbs will be a decided acquisition to the House of Commons. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

## THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

We present another Sketch, by Captain F. C. Carter, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, of the Hazara Field Force, illustrating the warfare again renewed in the Black Mountain region, on the left bank of the Indus. The base of military operations has been removed from Derbent to Oghi. The chief in command is General Elles, whose force of 6800 soldiers, divided between Colonel Williamson and Colonel Hammond, consists of three guns of No. 1 British mountain battery, No. 2 Derajat mountain battery, the Seaforth Highlanders, infantry of the Guides Corps, and the 37th Dogras; another column formed of No. 9 British mountain battery, the Welsh Fusiliers, the 11th Bengal Infantry, a wing of the 32nd Pioneers, the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Goorkhas, and 300 men of the Khyber Rifles; No. 4 Company of Sappers and Miners; one squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers, three guns of No. 2 Derajat mountain battery, and the 28th Bengal Infantry. The reserve comprises three guns of No. 1 British mountain battery, 1st Battalion of the 5th Goorkhas; the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, one squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers, and the 19th and 27th Bengal Infantry.

The flying bridge across the Indus, at Bakrai, constructed by Major Buston, R.E., with part of the A Company of Bengal Sappers and Miners, is composed of two boats, with a superstructure, forming a raft; a cable is stretched across the river, and a "traveller," running along the cable, has the boats attached to it by two ropes, which can be so adjusted that the bows of the boats may be inclined to an angle of 45 deg. with the current of the stream; and the current then easily carries the boats to the other side of the river.

Captain Carter's present Sketch is that of an attack, on the night of March 18, on the advanced post of the Hazara Field Force at Ghazikot, a village above Kunhar, on the left bank of the Indus, which was held by the Dogra Company of the 4th Sikhs, under Subadar Dheru, numbering about sixty men. The assailants were 170 or 180, being sixty or seventy armed with muskets, and 110 Ghazi (Mussulman sworn fanatics) who were swordsmen. It was a very dark night, and two hours past midnight, when they rushed into the village. The Sikhs defended their position most bravely, and the fighting with sword and bayonet was desperately fierce, in which Jemadar Darshenu was killed, with five Sepoys, and another died afterwards of his wounds. Our men were driven out of one house after another, but made a final stand in the mosque, which they held with great valour until they were relieved by troops from Kunhar, a mile and a half distant. The enemy left twenty-five dead in the village, and their total loss was at least fifty killed or wounded. Subadar Dheru and two others have been recommended for the Order of Merit. This is the first important action in the campaign.

The Miranzai field force, under Sir William Lockhart, advanced on Friday, April 17, and, after a sharp fight, captured some outposts, and cleared the Samana ridge as far as Sangar. Colonel Cramer, of the 60th Rifles, and Major Egerton, Assistant Adjutant-General, were severely wounded, one Sepoy was killed, five men of the Rifles and two Sepoys were wounded. Fighting was resumed next day; on April 20 the villages of Saraghari and Ghuztang were captured, and six fortified towns were destroyed.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: The Queen at Grasse, The Manipur Disaster, The Interviewer, Western China and Tibet, Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, "A Girl in the Karpathians," Middlesborough, Kentucky.

The Labour Commission has now been completed by the appointment of two secretaries, Mr. John Burnett and Mr. Geoffrey Drage. Mr. Burnett is well known as an old trade-unionist, one of the leaders of the nine-hours movement. For some time he has acted as the labour correspondent of the Board of Trade, and, though much handicapped by want of resources, has prepared some useful reports. He is an able man, not committed to the views of the advanced section, cautious but progressive. Mr. Geoffrey Drage is a new name. He is a young barrister, a Christ Church man, has written a novel called "Cyril," and has interested himself in foreign commercial codes. His father is Lord Salisbury's Hatfield physician. The Commission will hold its sittings in the large room in the new wing of the palace of Westminster.

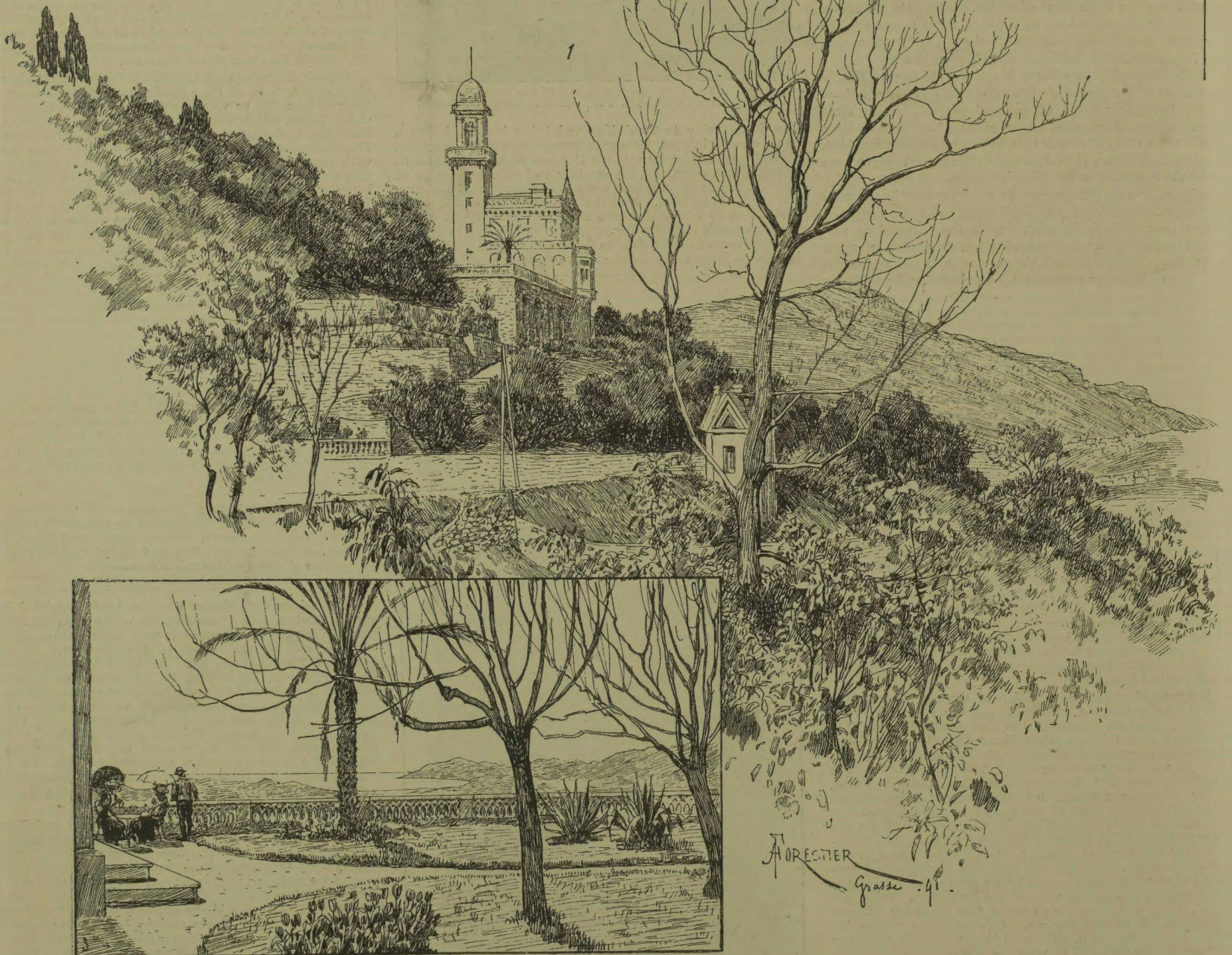
We have received from Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell an artist's proof of an etching by Mr. William Hole, after Constable's picture of "The Jumping Horse." This work is remarkable for the extraordinary success with which the painter's brush-touches have been reproduced in the etched plate. As a faithful black-and-white reproduction of a picture it cannot be surpassed. The same publishers have also issued a very capital mezzotint by Mr. Scott Bridgewater, after Mr. Sant's charming picture of "A Thorn betwixt the Roses," the property of the Manchester Corporation. Nothing can exceed the softness and delicacy of the flesh-tints in this beautiful work. Messrs. Dowdeswell have recently added to their "Castle Series" a large etching of Ludow Castle, by Mr. David Law, which possesses all the force and brilliancy that we are accustomed to find in that celebrated artist's work.

Most prominent of the changes yet made in the cast of "Ivanhoe" was that effected on April 21, when Miss Lucile Hill took the place of Miss Macintyre in the part of Rebecca. Miss Hill had previously been playing Lady Rowena (in which rôle she made her operatic début), and the experience thereby gained stood her in good stead in the more arduous undertaking. After she had thrown off her nervousness, the young American soprano sang with admirable freedom and dramatic effect, more especially in the fine duet with the Templar—a part essayed on this occasion by Mr. Richard Green, the Prince John of the original cast. Both artists exhibited first-rate qualities, vocal as well as histrionic, and in the scene just referred to fairly "brought down the house." Miss Hill has a voice of exceptional beauty and power, and she promises to develop into an excellent actress.



## THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.

Among the pleasant incidents of her Majesty's sojourn at Grasse was a visit to the perfume-manufactory of M. Chiris, a gentleman who is a member of the Senate of the French Republic, and is the owner of a delightful villa and gardens, which have also been courteously opened by him to her Majesty. We have already mentioned the peculiar branch of industry for which Grasse is celebrated all over the world, and to which it owes a trade amounting yearly to the value of a quarter of a million sterling. It is for the sake of extracting perfume from their blossoms that the cultivation of odoriferous plants, white roses, white jasmines, heliotropes, tuberose, jonquils, cassias, violets, orange- and lemon-trees, and a species of acacia, besides vast fields of lavender, is spread over many thousand acres in the neighbourhood of Grasse. The flowers of the orange- and lemon-trees are used for the distillation of "neroli," the base of eau-de-Cologne, while the water that is left after that process is the refreshing "orange-flower water," a familiar luxury in French cafés. The "otto of roses" produced at Grasse is superior to that of India or of Turkey. The petals of the red Turkey rose only are used for this product; they are submerged in a large iron pot full of melted lard, surrounded with boiling water, and remain from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which the liquor is filtered from the petals, and this operation may be repeated, with fresh petals, thirty or forty or even sixty times. It requires 45 lb. of rose-petals to make one gramme (fifteen grains and a half troy-weight) of the otto of roses, which costs perhaps three francs. Orange pomade is made in the same way from the petals of orange-flowers. Another method of extracting the scents of flowers, apart from distilling and the application of heat, is by laying them, simply piled and not pressed together, between two sheets of glass, held by their frames four inches apart, with a



1. General View. 2. The Queen's Drive. 3. On the Terrace.

THE VILLA ST. GEORGES, GRASSE, BELONGING TO M. CHIRIS, SENATOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

layer of lard, one third of an inch thick, spread on the glass, to absorb the odoriferous oil; the flowers are changed for fresh ones, sometimes after six hours, in other cases after twelve hours, and this is done, with jonquils thirty times, with cassias and violets sixty times, with tuberose or hyacinths, and with the jasmine, as many as eighty times, accumulating the perfume-essence in the same lard, which is afterwards melted and mixed with alcoholic spirit distilled from grain. The spirit, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top and is skimmed off, and the fluid is then filtered. All the citrine odours, those of orange- and lemon-flowers, also verbena and lavender, are treated with spirit distilled from French grapes. It is a special science to combine, in certain propor-

tions, scents which form a novel and harmonious artificial perfume. The great factory of M. Chiris was inspected on April 10 by her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Baroness Alice de Rothschild. M. Chiris had the building decorated with British and French flags, the floors spread with violets and jonquils, in honour of his royal visitors, who saw all the processes and examined them with much interest, especially the delicate methods of *enfleurage*. As the Queen left, M. Chiris begged leave to present a basket of perfumes beautifully displayed in a bed of violets and decorated with apple-green ribbons and Maréchal Niel roses. The bottles were dedicated to the royal party in the names of "Queen's Bouquet," "Princess Louise Bouquet,"

and "Princess Beatrice Bouquet"; and two other bottles contained perfumes of the white rose and the white violet. Her Majesty accepted the gift very graciously, and invited M. Chiris to her evening party on the following Monday. On April 14, the birthday of Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, with her two children, came from Cannes to offer congratulations to her Royal Highness. The buglers and band of the Chasseurs marched up from the barracks and played for an hour under the windows of the Queen and the Princess. During luncheon the band of the 112th Regiment of Infantry from Antibes played selections. The front of the Grand Hotel was prettily decorated. At night there was a torchlight procession, headed by military bands, and fireworks in the hotel gardens.





PRINCESS BEATRICE'S BIRTHDAY AT GRASSE: ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS AT THE GRAND HOTEL.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: FLYING BRIDGE ACROSS THE INDUS AT BAKRAI.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

Few things could well be more surprising than the result of the Geestemünde election, where, out of 29,494 registered voters, 7557 only recorded their votes in favour of Prince Bismarck, who, having failed to secure an absolute majority, will have to submit to a second ballot. There were three other candidates in the field—a Social Democrat, a Radical, and a Guelph. The first polled 3928 votes, the second 2619, and the third 3343. None of them enjoyed great reputation, or had any claim to notoriety, or could by any means be compared with the ex-Chancellor, so that the sadness felt by the supporters and friends of Prince Bismarck is more than justified. It is quite true that the Prince did not take much trouble over the election, and simply allowed his name to be put up; but, having once entered the lists, it was a grave error on his part not to make every effort to secure his return at the head of the poll if the result was at all doubtful, as turned out to be the case. It is clear that he relied on his old popularity and the glamour of his fame, and that he has been mistaken; but there are not many who, a few days ago, would have ventured on prophesying his failure, which throws a curious light on the state of public opinion and of political parties in Germany. Should the Radicals and Socialists agree to support the same candidate, it is quite possible that the ex-Chancellor may be beaten at the second ballot, and the question arises whether it might not be wiser on his part, and more consonant with his dignity, to withdraw from the contest altogether.

The Social Democrats in the Reichstag, having been unsuccessful in introducing in the Trades Regulation Bill, now under discussion, a clause prohibiting the employment in factories of children under fourteen, and placing restrictions on the work of youths below eighteen, have tried to secure by a side wind the adoption by the Assembly of the principle of a legal *maximum* of hours in the working day. They proposed that the working day should be fixed at ten hours for the present, and subsequently reduced to nine hours in 1894, and eight hours in 1898. This was to apply to all trades, but miners were to enjoy immediately the advantages of an eight-hour day. The Reichstag saw very plainly that the amendment of the Social Democrats was the thin end of the wedge, and it was rejected by an overwhelming majority.

The German Emperor is becoming a strict sabbatarian. Only the other day he set his face against the time-honoured custom of dancing on Sundays, and now he seems to have made up his mind to stop horse-racing on the Sabbath. A Sunday or two ago some steep-chases were run near Berlin, to the extreme indignation of William II., who ordered the names of the officers of the army who took part in the races to be laid before him. It will soon be necessary to invent a substitute for the well-worn expression "Continental Sunday," or, at least, to except Germany, if the reform initiated by the Emperor should be definitively effected.

Protectionism is still rampant in France. This is clear from the wishes expressed by the majority of the Councils-General, which almost unanimously declared themselves in favour of Protection. The small minority which pronounced for Free Trade was composed of the Councils-General of those departments having large seaports, like the Bouches du Rhône (Marseilles) and the Gironde (Bordeaux), and whose commerce is to a large extent dependent upon the importation of goods from foreign countries.

A few of the most respectable Parisian journals have—none too soon, it must be admitted—started a vigorous campaign against the indecent pictorial advertisements displayed upon the walls of the French capital, and with such good effect that the Prefect of Police has had the objectionable "artistic" posters removed. It is even said that stationers have been requested not to exhibit in their windows photographs of an offensive nature, and respectable women and girls, not to mention youths and boys, can now walk about Paris without being shocked by grossly indecent exhibitions. When Parisian Jehus are taught to drive, and not to charge unoffending pedestrians, a walk along the streets of the gayest capital in the world will be a perfect treat.

M. Bourgeois, Minister of Fine Arts, has appointed M. Bertrand manager of the Grand Opéra for a period of seven years from Jan. 1, 1892. The new manager has accepted the onerous charges imposed upon him by the Ministry, such as an increase in the number of performances, and the purchase of new scenery for operas of the old repertoire. M. Bertrand, in addition to these conditions, proposes to give afternoon performances on Sundays at reduced prices.

In Austria, Count Taaffe has succeeded in forming a working majority composed of the three most numerous parties. How long he will be able to govern with this help is a matter upon which it would be rash to express an opinion. Recent events, however, are in favour of Count Taaffe. Things in the Balkans are gradually settling down; little is heard of M. Stambuloff and his Russian enemies; Count Takova, as the ex-King Milan now styles himself, has left Serbia, and accepted the terms offered to him by the Regents to induce him to keep out of the country during his son's minority—namely, one million francs cash and 300,000 francs per annum; Queen Natalie, so far, has created no fresh difficulty; nothing has been heard lately of movements of Russian troops on the Galician frontier. All this is of good omen, and, with no foreign questions to render his task more difficult, the Austrian Minister may be able to maintain his position, which looked unpromising enough on the morrow of the elections.

It has been felt all along, by those who are in a position to know, that the greatest danger to the success of the Anglo-Portuguese negotiations was the possibility of a conflict between Portuguese officials and English pioneers in Zambesia occurring before the expiration of the *modus vivendi* and the conclusion of a fresh convention. Such a conflict has now taken place, and the consequences may be serious for Portugal. The Portuguese officials at Beira have stopped the expedition of Sir John Willoughby, who, with a party of prospectors, was proceeding up the Pungwe River to Mashonaland, seized his two steamers, and hauled down the British flag and hoisted the Portuguese colours in its place. Sir John Willoughby, it appears, had offered to pay the duties, and applied for permission to go up the river; but, receiving no reply within forty-eight hours, made a start up the river, when the Portuguese opened fire, captured the boats, imprisoned a number of English seamen, and turned back Sir John Willoughby and his companions, who, when last heard of, had reached Delagea Bay. It should be mentioned that the Portuguese also seized the mails destined to Fort Salisbury, which had been entrusted to Sir John by the Post Office authorities.

The above facts are practically acknowledged as correct by the Portuguese themselves, for their own versions agree with the English one. Upon one point alone is there a discrepancy—

i.e., the motive of the Portuguese in stopping the British explorers. According to one Portuguese version, the English were stopped because they refused to comply with the fiscal regulations; but this is denied by Sir John Willoughby. The other explanation is that, the English having violated the *modus vivendi* in occupying Massi Kesse, the Portuguese are justified in declining to allow English vessels to go up the Pungwe until Massi Kesse has been evacuated. Such is the present unsatisfactory state of things in East Africa. Further information may give a less unfavourable view of this incident, which may have serious consequences if, as in duty bound, the British Government exact the reparation due to them for this fresh insult to the British flag.

## VICTIMS OF THE MANIPUR MASSACRE.

We have related the massacre of Mr. Quinton and his four companions, taken prisoners, on March 24, by the treachery



THE LATE MR. W. H. COSSINS.

and cruelty of the Manipur prince Kotwal Koirens, styled the "Senaputty," or commander-in-chief, acting for his brother, the Jubraj—whom he had placed on the throne, by usurpation, instead of the lawful ruler, the Maharajah Soor Chandra Singh, the eldest of the three brothers. Mr. Quinton, Colonel Skene, Mr. F. Grimwood, Mr. W. H. Cossins, and Lieutenant Simpson were killed, in the palace at Manipur; and Mr. Melville, of the Telegraph Department, with Mr. O'Brien, was killed on the road twenty-four miles from that place.

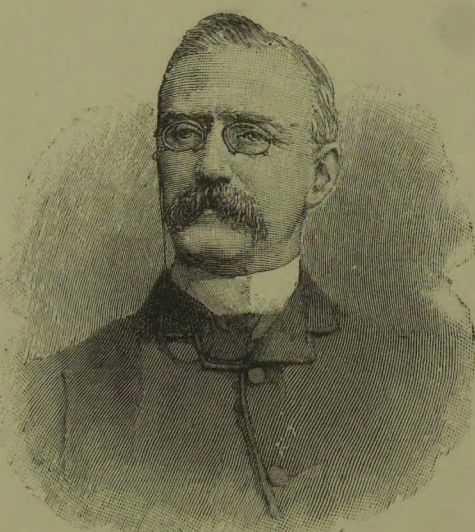
Mr. James W. Quinton, C.S.I., of the Bengal Civil Service, Chief Commissioner of Assam, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and arrived in India in 1856. He served in the North-West Provinces, Oude, and British Burmah, his first important position being that of additional member of the Governor-General's Council in 1883. He was appointed Chief Commissioner of Assam in 1889, having for some years acted as Judicial Commissioner of British Burmah, and enjoyed the highest reputation with all classes as an impartial and a painstaking judge.

Mr. Frank St. C. Grimwood, Political Agent at Manipur, was also a member of the Bengal Civil Service. He was educated at Winchester and Merton College, Oxford, and was appointed to the service after the open competition of 1874. His experience had been chiefly in Bengal and Assam.

Mr. William H. Cossins, who accompanied Mr. Quinton in the capacity of secretary, was a junior member of the Bengal Civil Service. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and passed the open competition of 1883. He was a son of Mr. Richard Cossins, of St. Leonard's, Exeter.

Colonel Charles McDowal Skene, Commandant 42nd Bengal Native Infantry, served in the campaign on the North-West frontier of India in 1863, and was present at the forcing of the Umbeyla Pass, for which service he received a medal, with clasp. In the Burmese Expedition of 1886-89 he was in command of the 42nd Goorkha Light Infantry, was mentioned in despatches, received the brevet of colonel, and the Distinguished Service Order and clasp. He served with the Chin-Lushai expeditionary force in 1889 in command of the northern column of the Burmah force. His services were acknowledged by the thanks of the Government of India, being referred to in despatches.

Mr. William Babington Melville, Superintendent of Government Telegraphs in Assam, was only son of the late



THE LATE MR. W. B. MELVILLE.

Mr. Andrew Melville, of Dumfries, and stepson of Sir Edward Thornton, C.B. He was forty-two years of age, and had been twenty years in the service. Having been sent to Manipur for an inspection, carrying his instruments, and having travelled about twenty-four miles into the country, before the outbreak of hostilities, it is supposed that the motive for killing him was to prevent telegraphic news being sent of the massacre of Mr. Quinton and his companions. Mr. Melville has left a widow and two children at Edinburgh, and was about to return home. He was a good scholar and a skilful artist and musician, and was personally much esteemed.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It was a trifle early to begin—the second week in April—and Mr. Augustus Harris has by this time probably made up his mind that another year he will not repeat the experiment. The mistake comes home in two ways. First of all, a certain proportion of the artists, unaccustomed to the treacherous changes of weather peculiar to an English spring, become *hors de combat* with influenza or colds. What is the result? The manager finds a difficulty in completing the casts of his operas, or else is compelled to change his programme, and thus the general plan of working gets upset. In the second place, the treasury suffers—not to a great extent, perhaps, but still appreciably. The London season is not yet in full swing, and large numbers of regular attendants at the opera are not yet in town. Hence unoccupied boxes and vacant seats here and there even on the best nights, when a month or so later there would not be an empty seat in the whole house. Against these drawbacks, which, after all, are not of the most serious kind imaginable, Mr. Harris claims to be reaping one important artistic advantage. His troupe is enjoying extra time and opportunity for getting into working order. As a rule, the machinery never goes quite smoothly and the polish never shines its very brightest until the season is nearly half over. This year the impresario counts on having his *ensemble* perfect long before the date when Covent Garden usually opens its doors. And the value of this gain, even in the face of a little inconvenience and loss, cannot easily be over-estimated.

The brothers De Reszke and Miss Eames quickly followed up their triumph in "Lohengrin" with another in "Roméo et Juliette," which was given, as usual, in French, on Wednesday, April 15. In the lady's case the second triumph was, for obvious reasons, more marked than the first. The rôle of Juliette was the earliest in her repertory, and she had played it constantly at the Paris Opéra, with M. Jean de Reszke for her Roméo, during the past two years. She seemed thoroughly at home in the part, and looked it to perfection. I may say without hesitation that Miss Eames is the most beautiful—and perhaps also the most youthful—exponent of Shakespeare's heroine ever seen on the operatic stage. We may have had Juliettes who could realise more vividly the ardent, impulsive temperament of the Southern maiden, but none so capable of embodying girlhood at the outset and womanhood afterwards, with all the effect and force of an easy, unartificial contrast. In this opera Miss Eames revealed a much more satisfying measure of histrionic power. There was even a ring of passion in her notes when she bade farewell to Roméo in the chamber scene, and again in that touching outburst of grief where Juliette wakes from her trance only to find her lover-husband already in the clutches of death. The young artist sang splendidly throughout—alike in the brilliant waltz-air and in the wonderful series of duets which constitute the main fabric of Gounod's opera. M. Jean de Reszke, in superb voice, impersonated the hero in his most ideal fashion. Again and again did his ringing high notes and tender, expressive phrasing rouse the house to positive enthusiasm. Not less delightful in its way was the singing of M. Edouard de Reszke, whose Frère Laurent is one of the most artistic and pleasing assumptions in the repertory of the famous *basso cantante*. With the exception of Signor Ceste, who made a capital Mercutio, and Mlle. Agnes Janson, an efficient Stephano, the remainder of the cast was familiar. Signor Mancinelli conducted with characteristic zeal, and the *mise en scène*, which comprised some magnificent new costumes, did infinite credit to the resources of the establishment.

Curiously enough, the cast with which Mr. Harris gave "Tannhäuser" on Saturday, April 18, was all but identical with that collected by Signor Lago for his revival of the same opera last autumn. It was none the worse for this; and, indeed, seeing that it contained, in Madame Albani and M. Maurel, the original Elizabeth and Wolfram of the Italian version performed at Covent Garden, I should be more than churlish were I to complain because one manager has followed in the other's footsteps. Wagner's opera was chosen in the present instance for the *rentrée* of the gifted Canadian prima donna, who quickly proved by her "Greeting to the Hall of Song" that she returns in full possession of her rare vocal powers. She sang with wonderful freshness and charm throughout, and created her most telling effect in the suave *cantabile* melodies of the duet with Tannhäuser and the exquisite prayer of the last act. The applause after the curtain had fallen upon these scenes was simply deafening. M. Maurel employed his consummate art to full advantage in the music of Wolfram, though at times he seemed to be thinking too much of his audience and too little of the personages on the stage. Signor Perotti, a moderate but competent Tannhäuser; Mlle. Sofia Ravogli, an attractive Venus; and Signor Guetary, a capable Walthar, all filled their former places in the representation, the only changes of note being in the parts of the Landgrave and the Shepherd, now undertaken by Signor Abramoff and the ever-ready, ever-efficient Mlle. Bauermeister. The band and chorus did their work, on the whole, remarkably well. Signor Bevignani assumed the bâton for the first time this season, with his customary ability and success—something more, in his case, than a mere form of speech. The opera was mounted with great liberality, the Venusberg scene being brand-new. But I did not quite see the utility of the horses brought on to form a tableau in the first act. Not a single hunter mounted one of them.

On the following Monday "La Traviata" was performed, but not even with Madame Albani in the rôle of the frail heroine was the attendance such as to encourage further managerial belief in Verdi's hackneyed opera. If the popular prima donna looked the part as admirably as she sings and acts it, there might be another tale to tell. As it is, the public prefers her in a different class of characters, and sooner or later the artist will have to recognise this fact. Madame Albani was again in splendid voice, and her brilliant rendering of "Ah, fors'è lui" deservedly won the loudest plaudits of the evening. M. Montariol, always a capable artist, was seen to exceptional advantage as Alfredo. He imparted quite a realistic touch to the scene where this despicable personage throws his winnings at the feet of his former mistress. M. Maurel, as a matter of course, did his utmost to divest the elder Germont of his heaviness and conventionality, and it was greatly to his credit that he even partially succeeded. Signor Randegger conducted; and the chorus sang capitally, more particularly after imbibing the real champagne provided in the supper scene.

H. K.

The Royal Choral Society gave an excellent performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita" on Wednesday, April 15, under the direction of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who took the place of Mr. Barnby for the second time during the latter's absence on the Continent. The Albert Hall was moderately filled only, but portions of Gounod's beautiful sacred work commanded abundant applause. The choruses were admirably sung, while the solos had unexceptionable interpreters in Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills.



## PERSONAL.

The Primrose Day celebrations extended this year to, practically, a three-days festival—from Saturday, April 18, to Monday, April 20. The anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death was on the Sunday, but there was wearing of primroses and decoration of the statue in Parliament Square on the preceding and the following days. During Sunday the crowds were very large, and during the whole day a mass of people of all classes defiled slowly before the bronze figure of the Earl in his robes, or helped to wreath the pedestal with garlands of yellow flowers. There was no diminution in the wearing of primroses in buttonholes or bonnets, at horses' heads, or on footmen's liveries, and there was, as usual, an especially brilliant show in the City and the West-End. The Queen sent her wreaths, not to Parliament Square, but to the Earl's grave at Hughenden, and there was an elaborate design in violets and primroses over the Beaconsfield stall in the church. The Primrose League held a number of demonstrations.

Mr. Henry Lake has chosen a happy moment for publishing his little volume of personal reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Lake's acquaintanceship with Mr. Disraeli began in 1847, when the statesman first stood for Buckinghamshire, practically at Mr. Lake's request. That gentleman served on his committee, and worked zealously for him throughout his canvass, and, amid a good deal of familiar matter, he gives every now and then a touch that brings the dead man to life again. Mr. Lake tells us that "Vivian Grey" was written to pay off a debt which the rector of Bradenham very generously paid, demanding in return that the young man should prove his talent by a successful book. The pledge was taken and promptly redeemed. In the contest of 1847 Mr. Lake was evidently impressed by "Dizzy's" immense courage, spirit, brilliancy, good temper and good spirits, resource and independence, and he quotes a speech with the ring of true manliness in it, bitterly and proudly repelling a taunt that he was the nominee of the Duke of Buckingham. All through the contest he made a great point of the contrast between "popular principles" and "Liberal opinions." One of the latter was, he said, the notion that labour should "under no circumstances be interfered with," and to that he declared Conservatism and "popular principle" to be vitally opposed.

Mr. Lake gives incidentally a charming picture of Disraeli at home at Grosvenor Gate, with its Oriental fittings and fashions, the vestibule enclosed in the form of a Persian tent hung with rose-coloured silk, and the profusion of bric-à-brac in the drawing-room. One day Mr. Disraeli introduced Mr. Lake to his blind old father, sitting in an armchair by the fireplace at Bradenham, his snow-white hair falling in curls on his shoulders. "He had on a velvet skull-cap, and wore a black-velvet tunic, kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, black silk stockings, low shoes, and silver buckles." The son impressed his visitor with the thoughtful tenderness that always shone in his relations to his father, his wife, and his friends.

Mr. Edward Greene, the late member for Stowmarket Division, who died on April 15, was a highly popular figure in Suffolk circles. His portrait might be seen in scores of inns in the district for which he brewed an excellent beer, of acknowledged purity and soundness. He was devoted to hunting, was for many years a master of hounds, and was an example of a kindly, good-humoured, and popular country gentleman. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he had the misfortune to lose the whole of his very fine and valuable family plate. A door opening on the lawn was forced, and the silver was coolly carted away. A letter informed the family later on that pursuit was useless, as the plate had all been melted down. Mr. Greene first sat in the House of Commons for Bury St. Edmunds twenty-six years ago, and, with the exception of the short '85 Parliament, sat there continuously ever since. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Gladstone was unfortunate enough to sustain a severe fall in passing from a visit to Lord Granville a day or two before the latter's death. He stumbled over a door-scraper, and fell flat on his face, severely blacking his eye. The accident happened in Tilney Street, which was deserted, and Mr. Gladstone, half stunned by his fall, had to rise and make his way home as best he could. Mr. Gladstone was confined to his house in Park Lane for a day or so, but there were no more serious results.

*Finis coronat opus.* Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs sits as Conservative member for the City, which he very largely helped to win back to the Conservative cause. Years and years ago, when the City was the stronghold of Liberalism, Mr. Gibbs led forlorn hopes, organised his party, took the chair at innumerable meetings, and heavily backed Mr. Frederick Greenwood in his attempt to make the *St. James's Gazette* a set-off to the lost *Pall Mall*. Mr. Gibbs's position as the head of the great house of Antony Gibbs and Co., and as a director of the Bank of England as well as his fine presence, personal dignity, culture, and popularity all fit him to make an ideal representative of the cause which has finally beaten its rival out of the field. Mr. Gibbs's house at Regent's Park is noted for its fine library, its admirable collection of pictures, and its rare sculpture, but Mr. Gibbs is something more than a collector. He is a philologist of some learning, and his economic views as the leader of the bimetallist persuasion are well known. He will make an imposing "member for the City."

The death of Mr. R. S. MacIver, formerly member for Plymouth, and proprietor of the *Western Daily Press*, removes one of the familiar figures in modern English journalism. Mr. MacIver was an experienced and successful newspaper man, who had a delight in his profession, and did much to advance it. He was a popular figure in the Lobby in the 1880 Parliament, in which he represented Plymouth. He had good humour and good sense, knew the world, and never indulged in "airs." He was deeply affected by the death of his son, Colonel MacIver, to whom he was much attached.

Novelists are often ambitious to write plays, but the actual experiment is rarely made, and still more rarely successful. Mr. J. M. Barrie is among the few writers of fiction who have sought new reputations in the drama, and "Richard Savage," which Mr. Barrie has written in conjunction with Mr. Marriott Watson, has some distinctive qualities which fully warrant another essay. But, whatever his fortunes as a playwright, Mr. Barrie has a growing reputation as a novelist. He has dethroned the Southron tradition that Scots have no humour, and "A Window in Thrums" has probably delighted many readers who had never found much entertainment in Scotch character. Of his other works, "Auld Licht Idyls," "My Lady Nicotine," and "When a Man's Single" are most distinguished by graceful fancy and delicate observation. Mr. Barrie is an indefatigable workman, and his hand is constantly to be found in our periodical literature.

Mr. Bernard Gould, who played Richard Savage in Mr. Barrie's play, has, in one respect, a unique reputation. He cultivates two branches of art with unremitting vigour. As an actor, he is rarely out of the playbill; as an artist in black-and-white, he does an astonishing amount of work. The actor is Mr. Bernard Gould, and the artist is Mr. Bernard Partridge, and there are few instances of such energy in two artistic capacities. Mr. Partridge's drawings are of more account than his acting, and in books, illustrated journals, comic papers nothing comes amiss to his facile pencil. One of Mr. Partridge's most successful efforts is the *souvenir* of "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum, in which the portraits of Mr. Irving—always a difficult subject—are drawn with special skill.

The Newfoundland delegation which is now in this country to lay before Parliament the petition of the Colonial Legislature on the fisheries question is strikingly representative of all phases of life in the island. Sir William Whiteway, the Premier, is the leader of the Liberal Party, which now commands four fifths of the representation of the island in the Legislature. By birth he is, like many of his fellow-countrymen, a Devonian, and to his influence and past exertions are due very much of the progress which has been made in railway construction and the general development of the island during the past few years. He is a firm believer in the future of his adopted country, if the irksome hindrance which the French claims impose can only be removed by peaceable means. There was a time when Sir William was an advocate of confederation, but recent events seem to have led him to the conviction that Newfoundland may find fuller scope outside the Canadian Dominion.

The other members of the Newfoundland Government on the delegation are the Hon. A. W. Harvey, who speaks for the general merchants of the colony, and the Hon. G. H. Emerson, who has been Speaker of the Assembly—the House of Commons of Newfoundland—since Sir William Whiteway came into office a year and a half ago. The two other delegates represent the opposition in Newfoundland politics, and it is a happy circumstance that the extreme bitterness of the fight which is perpetually raging between the "ins" and the "outs" should not have stood in the way of united action upon this national question. Mr. A. B. Morine is a Nova Scotian by birth, and occupies the time left to him, after fulfilment of his duties as leader of the Opposition in the Assembly, in journalistic work. From his pen comes much that appears in the *St. John's Herald*, one of the bitterest critics of recent Downing Street policy. The fifth delegate, the Hon. M. Munroe, is a member of the Legislative Council.

## WILL SHE LISTEN?

Why hast thou turned thy face from us, Spring?  
Why art thou staying away?  
We are mourning thy cruel tarrying,  
All things are weary with waiting for thee,  
While the leaden clouds from the ice-bound sea  
Roll sullenly over us. Speak to us! Say,  
Have we angered thee by our murmuring?  
How could we but long for thy coming, Spring,  
For thy harbinger breath of balm,  
For the hopes that thy hovering pinions bring to us  
For the gladness that waits upon thy return,  
And the start of the new life throbbing? We yearn  
For a message, a token, from thee. What a psalm  
Would the sound of thy zephyrs sing to us!  
Has the North been beguiling thee, Spring?  
Hast thou listened to Aquilo's wooing?  
Or, mastered by force, art thou held in thrall  
By the giants of frost and ice and snow,  
So cold that no pity or love they know?  
Do they keep thee imprisoned to our undoing?  
Thy summons to us were a trumpet-call.  
Whisper thy wish to us! Whisper it, Spring!  
We proffered thee love in the olden time,  
When the tears of joy fell fast at thy coming  
And the brown earth opened her myriad eyes,  
For the flowers all woke from their sleep, and sighs—  
As the merry birds sang in the April prime—  
Broke into ripples of laughter at gloaming.  
The world is fainting for lack of thee, Spring!  
Bid the south winds wait thee to us again.  
What jubilant greetings shall welcome thee! Come!  
Come in thy gentleness: Auster is true to thee.  
We, too, thy votaries, loyally sue to thee;  
Nature, importunate, asks thee to reign;  
Come in thy queenliness! Come to thy home!  
A. JESSOPP.

## OBITUARY.

SIR ALFRED TREVELYAN, BART.

Sir Alfred Wilson Trevelyan, seventh Baronet, of Nettlecombe, Somerset, died at his town house, 74, Harley Street, on April 18. He represented the very ancient Cornish family of Trevelyan of Trevillian, and succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease of his uncle, Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, March 23, 1879. He was born April 26, 1831, the only son of the late Mr. Alfred Wilson Trevelyan, and grandson of Sir John Trevelyan, fifth Baronet. He married, Feb. 15, 1860, Fanny, daughter of the Right Hon. James H. Monahan, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and leaves five daughters, but no son: his successor is, consequently, his cousin, now Sir Walter John Trevelyan, eighth Baronet, born in 1866. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, second Baronet, of Wallington, Northumberland, the distinguished statesman, is grandson of the late Venerable George Trevelyan, Archdeacon of Taunton, third son of Sir John, the fourth Baronet of Nettlecombe.

LORD MURE.

David Mure, D.L. (styled by courtesy Lord Mure, as a Scotch Judge of Session), died at Sea View, Bournemouth, on April 11, in his eighty-first year. He was third son of Colonel William Mure of Caldwell, in the county of Ayr, Vice-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, by Anne, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir James Hunter Blair, Bart. Educated at Westminster and the University of Edinburgh, he was called to the Scottish Bar in 1831, became Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1858, and Lord Advocate in 1859. In 1865 he was raised to the Scottish Bench. From April 1859 up to his elevation to the judgeship, he represented Bute as a Conservative. He married, in 1841, Helen, eldest daughter of Mr. John Tod of Kirkhill, Midlothian, and by her (who died in 1849) he leaves issue.

LADY ALEXANDRA LEVESON-GOWER.

Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, second daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, K.G., by his first wife, Anna, Countess of Cromartie, died at Argyll Lodge, Kensington, the residence of the Duke of Argyll, on April 16. Her Ladyship was born April 13, 1886, and had for sponsor H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

DOWAGER LADY LAMPSON.

Jane Walter, widow of Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, Bart., and daughter of Mr. Gibbs Sibley of Sutton, Massachusetts, died at her residence, 80, Eaton Square, on April 13, in her eighty-first year, and was buried at Worth Church, Sussex, on the 17th. She leaves two surviving sons—Sir George Curtis Lampson, the present Baronet; Norman George, of Farm House, Pont Street—and one daughter, Hannah Jane, wife of Mr. Frederick Locker Lampson, son of E. H. Locker, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital.

MR. EDWARD GREENE, M.P.

Mr. Edward Greene, M.P., J.P., and D.L., of Nether Hill, Suffolk, died there on April 15. He was born in 1815, the son of the late Mr. Benjamin Greene, of Bloomsbury, West Indian proprietor, was educated at Bury St. Edmunds Grammar School, became a brewer there, represented it from 1865 to 1885, and in 1886 was elected for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk. Mr. Greene married, first, in 1840, Emily, third daughter of the Rev. G. Smythies of Stanground, near Peterborough; and, secondly, in 1870, Caroline Dorothea, daughter of Mr. Charles Prideaux Place Cornwall, and widow of Rear-Admiral Sir William Hoste.

MAJOR-GENERAL PIERCE.

Major-General Thomas W. W. Pierce, C.B., late of the Bombay Staff Corps, died at Broomhall, Horsell, Surrey, on April 19, at the age of sixty-one. He was the son of Colonel F. H. Pierce, C.B., late of the Bombay Artillery, was born in March 1830, and entered the 10th Bombay Native Infantry in 1846. He saw much active service, first in Rajpootana States in 1854-5, at the siege and capture of Kotah in 1858, in Central India in 1858-9, and with the expeditionary force in China in 1860. He was present throughout the Abyssinian campaign of 1867-8, and in the Afghan War of 1880—on the two last-named occasions being frequently mentioned in despatches. For the Afghan campaign he received the thanks of the Government of Bombay.

THE REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.

Dr. Osborn died on April 18, at his house in Cambrian Road, Richmond, aged eighty-three. He was a well-known Wesleyan, and was president of the Conference—of which he was the senior member—twice, in 1883 and 1884, and he was also a famous preacher in the older body. He edited a complete edition of John and Charles Wesley's poems in thirteen volumes. He entered the ministry in 1828, and took a prominent part in Wesleyan business.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Benjamin Walker, J.P., member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, head of the well-known firm Tannett, Walker, and Co., on April 14, in his seventy-first year.

General Michael Smith, C.B., on April 18, aged eighty-two. General Smith commanded the Osmanli Irregular Cavalry during the Crimean War, and took part in many of the actions of the Indian Mutiny, including the capture of Gwalior and the pursuit of Tantia Topee and Rao Sahib.

Mr. James Aspinall Tobin of Eastham, Cheshire, a leading Liverpool merchant, on April 16, aged seventy-two. He was Mayor of Liverpool 1854-5, and entertained the Duke of Cambridge on the occasion of his Royal Highness's visit to that city at the time of the Crimean War.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Heber Thurlow, late Northumberland Fusiliers, on April 16, aged forty-three. He was fifth son of the late Rev. Chancellor (Charles Augustus) Thurlow, Rector of Malpas, by Fanny Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas B. Lethbridge, Bart., and was great-grandnephew of Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

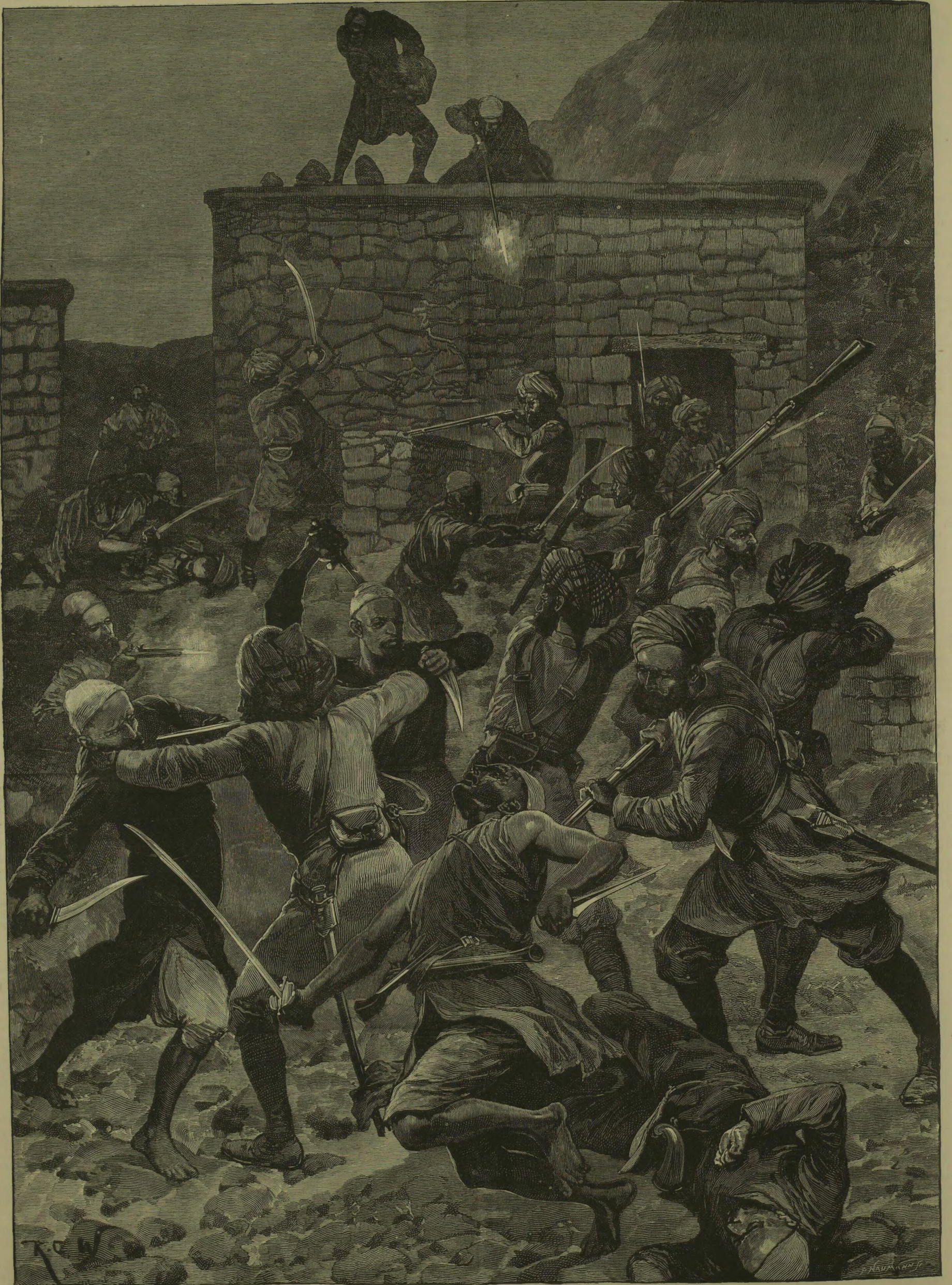
Professor Tyndall's condition is decidedly better, and the prospects of his restoration to health are much brighter.

The Census returns received in Northamptonshire show that in purely agricultural districts the population has declined in the last decade by 10 to 40 per cent.

More than fifty messages, at 10f. for three minutes' conversation, are now transmitted daily by the Paris-London Telephone.

The attractions and prospects of Taranaki, that most inviting part of New Zealand, which has New Plymouth for its harbour and chief town, were ably described in a lecture at Exeter Hall, on Friday, April 17, by an authorised land and emigration agent, Mr. William Courtney, resident in New Zealand thirty years. His lecture was illustrated by fine limelight views, from photographs of many places, and was enlivened by two lady vocalists with appropriate songs.

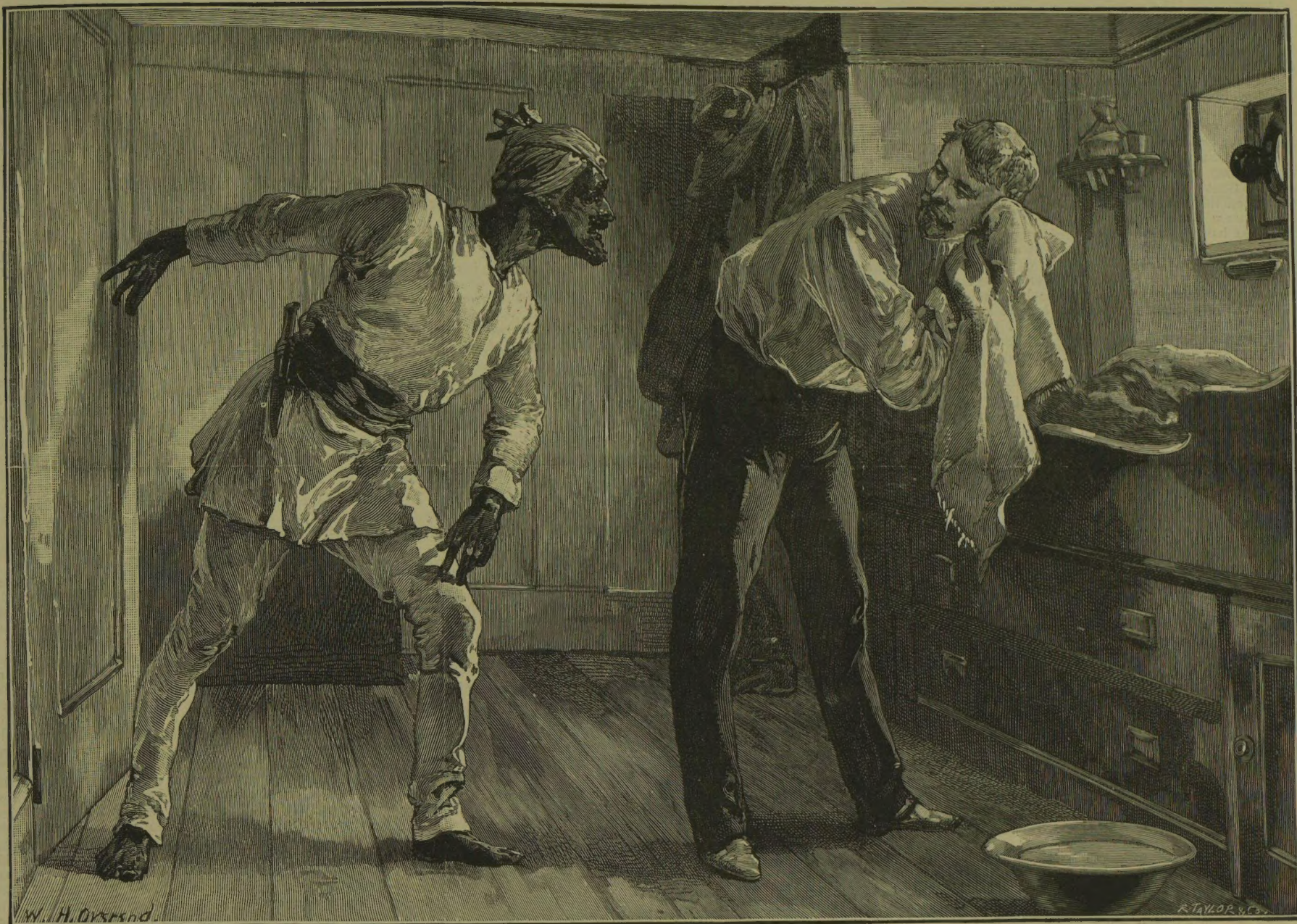




THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: GHAZI ATTACK ON AN ADVANCED POST AT GHAZIKOT.

SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. C. CARTER, DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*"But de beautiful young lady, she sabbee navigation?"*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A CREW OF MALAYS.

We sat chatting thus until something after nine. The comfort of this cabin after the lugger, the knowledge that Helga and I would each have a comfortable bed, comparatively speaking, to lie in, the conviction that our stay in the barque must be short, and that a very few hours might see us homeward bound, coupled with a sense of security such as never possessed me in the open lugger, not to mention the influence of my one pretty big tumbler of rum punch, had put me into a good humour.

"Is not this better than the lugger?" I said to Helga, as I motioned with my cigar round the cabin, and pointed to the slippers upon my feet. "Think of my little windy bed under that boat's deck, Helga, and recollect your black forepeak."

She seemed to acquiesce. The captain's countenance was bland with gratification.

"You tell me you have not travelled, Mr. Tregarthen?" said he.

"I have not," I replied.

"But you would like to see the world? All young men should see the world. Does not the poet tell us that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits?" and here he harangued me for a little with commonplaces on the advantage of travel; then, addressing Helga very smilingly, he said, "You have seen much of the world?"

"Not very much," she answered.

"South America?"

"I was once at Rio," she answered. "I was also at Port Royal, in Jamaica, and have accompanied my father in short voyages to one or two Portuguese and Mediterranean ports."

"Come! There is extensive observation, even in that," said he, "in one so—in one whose years are still few! Did you ever visit Table Bay?"

She answered "No." He smoked meditatively.

"Helga," said I, "you look tired. Would you like to go to your cabin?"

"I should, Hugh."

"Well, I shall be glad to turn in myself, Captain. Will you forgive our early retreat?"

"By all means," he exclaimed. "Let me show you the cabins."

He went to the cuddy door and bawled for Punmeamooty. "Light a lantern," I heard him say, "and bring it aft!" After a minute or two the steward made his appearance with a lantern swinging in his hand. The captain took it from him, and we passed out on to the quarterdeck where the hatch lay. After the warmth of the cuddy interior, the wind, chilled as it had been with the damp of the squall,

seemed to blow with an edge of frost. The rays of the lantern danced in the blackness of the wet planks. The vessel was rolling slowly and plunging heavily, and there were many heavy, complaining, straining noises aloft amid the invisible spaces of canvas swinging through the starless gloom. The cold, bleak roar of seething waters alongside recalled the raft, and there was a sort of sobbing all along the dusk close under either line of bulwarks.

"Let me help you through this little hatch, Miss Nielsen," said the captain, dangling the lantern over it that we might see down the aperture.

If she answered him I did not hear her; she peered a moment, then put her foot over and vanished. The steps were perpendicular—pieces of wood nailed to the bulkhead—yet she had descended this up-and-down ladder in an instant, and almost as she vanished was calling to me from below to say that she was safe.

"What extraordinary nimbleness in a young lady!" cried the captain, in a voice of unaffected admiration. "What an exquisite sailor! Now, Mr. Tregarthen!"

I shuffled down, keeping a tight hold of the edge of the hatch, and felt my feet before there was occasion to let go with my hands. There was very little to be seen of this interior by the lantern light. It was the forepart of the steerage, so far as I could gather, with two rows of bulkheads forming a little corridor, at the extremity of which, aft, I could faintly distinguish the glimmering outlines of cases of light cargo. Forward of the hatch, through which we had descended, there stood a solid bulkhead, so there was nothing to be seen that way. The doors of the cabins opened out of the little corridor; they were mere pigeon-holes; but then these 'tween-decks were very low, and while I stood erect I felt the crown of the wideawake I wore brushing the planks.

Never could I have imagined so much noise in a ship as was here—the squeaking, the grinding, the groaning; the jar and shock of the rudder upon its post; the thump of the seas outside, and the responsive throbbing within; the sullen, muffled roar of the Atlantic surge washing past; all these notes were blended into such a confusion of sounds as is not to be expressed. The lantern swayed from side to side. There were shadows, too, all round about, wildly playing upon the walls and bulkheads of the vessel with a mopping and mowing of them that might have filled a lonely and unaccustomed soul down here with horrible imaginations of sea monsters and ocean spectres.

"I heartily wish, Miss Nielsen," cried the captain—and, in truth, he had need to exert his voice to be audible amid that bewildering clamour—"that you had suffered me to provide you with better accommodation than this. Jones could have done very well down here. However, for to-night this will be

your cabin. To-morrow I hope you will change your mind, and consent to sleep above."

So saying, he opened the foremost of the little doors on the port side. It was a mere hole indeed, yet it somehow took the civilised look of an ordinary ship's berth from the round scuttle or thickly glazed porthole which lay in an embrasure deep enough to comfortably warrant the thickness of the vessel's side. Under this porthole was a narrow bunk, and in it a bolster, and, as I might suppose, blankets, over which was spread a very handsome rug. I swiftly took note of one or two conveniences—a looking-glass, a washstand secured to the bulkhead (this piece of furniture I made no doubt, had come direct from the captain's cabin); there was also a little table, and upon it a comb and brush, and on the cabin deck was a square of carpet.

"Very poor quarters for you, Miss Nielsen," said the captain, looking round, his nose and whiskers appearing twice as long in the fluctuations of the lantern light and his fixed smile odd beyond words, with the tumbling of the shadows over his face.

"The cabin is very comfortable, and you are very kind," exclaimed Helga.

"You are good to say so. I wish you a good night and pleasant dreams."

He extended his hand, and held hers, I thought, rather longer than mere courtesy demanded.

"That will be your cabin, Mr. Tregarthen," said he, going to the door.

I bade Helga good night. It was hard to interpret her looks by that light, yet I fancied she had something to say, and bent my ear to her mouth; but instead of speaking she hurriedly passed her right hand down my sleeve, by no means caressingly, but as though she desired to cleanse or dry her fingers. I looked at her, and she turned away.

"Good night, Helga!" said I.

"Good night, Hugh!" she answered.

"You will find a bolt to your door, Miss Nielsen," called the captain. "Oh, by the way," he added, "I do not mean that you shall undress in the dark. There is an opening over your door; I will hang the lantern amidships here. It will shed light enough to see by, and in half an hour, if that will not be too soon, Punmeamooty will remove it. Good night, Mr. Tregarthen!"

He left me, after hanging up the lantern by a hook fixed in a beam amidships of the corridor. I waited until his figure disappeared up the steps of the hatch, and then called to Helga. She heard me instantly, and cried, "What is it, Hugh?"

"Did not you want to say something to me just now?" I exclaimed.

She opened the door and repeated, "What is it, Hugh? I cannot hear you!"



"I thought you wished to speak to me just now," said I, "but were hindered by the Captain's presence."

"No, I have nothing to say," she answered, looking very pale in the frolic of shadows made by the swinging lantern.

"Why did you stroke down my arm? Was it a rebuke? Have I offended you?"

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried; then exclaimed: "Could not you see what I meant? I acted what I could not speak."

"I do not understand," said I.

"I wished to wipe off the grasp of that man's hand," she exclaimed.

"Poor wretch! Is he so soiling as all that, Helga? And yet how considerate he is! I believe he has half denuded his own cabin for you."

"Well, good night once more," said she, and closed the door of her berth upon herself.

I entered my cabin wondering like a fool. I could witness nothing but groundless aversion in her thoughts of this Captain Bunting, and felt vexed by her behaviour; for first I considered that, as in the lugger so here—some days, ay, and even some weeks, might pass without providing us with the chance of being conveyed on board a homeward-bound ship. I do not say I believed this; but it was a probable thing, and there was that degree of risk, therefore, in it. Then I reflected that it was in the power of Captain Bunting to render our stay in his vessel either as agreeable as he had the power to make it, or entirely uncomfortable and wretched by neglect, insolence, bad-humour, and the like. I therefore regarded Helga's behaviour as impolitic, and, not having the sense to see into it so as to arrive at a reason, I allowed it to tease me as a piece of silly girlish caprice.

This was in my mind as I entered my cabin. There was light enough to enable me to master the interior, and a glance around satisfied me that I was not to be so well used as Helga. There were a pair of blankets in the bunk, and an old pewter basin on the deck that was sliding to and fro with the motions of the vessel. This I ended by throwing the concern into the next cabin, which, so far as I could tell, was half full of bolts of canvas and odds and ends of gear, which emitted a very strong smell of tar. However, I was sleepier than I was sensible of while I used my legs, for I had no sooner stretched my length in the bunk, using the captain's slippers rolled up in my monkey-jacket as a pillow, than I fell asleep, though five minutes before I should have believed that there was nothing in opium to have induced slumber in the face of the complicated noise which filled that interior.

I slept heavily right through the night, and awoke at half past seven. I saw Punmeamooty standing in the door, and believe I should not have awakened but for his being there and staring at me. I lay a minute before I could bring my mind to its bearings; and I have some recollection of stupidly and drowsily imagining that I had been set ashore on an island by Captain Bunting, that I had taken refuge in a cave, and that the owner of that cave, a yellow wild man, had looked in, and, finding me there, was meditating how best to dispatch me.

"Hallo?" said I. "What is it?"

"You wantee water, Sah?" said the man.

"Yes," said I, now in possession of all my wits. "You will find the basin belonging to this berth next door. A little cold water, if you please, and, if you can possibly manage it, Punmeamooty, a small bit of soap and a towel."

He withdrew, and in a few minutes returned with the articles I required.

"How is the weather?" said I, with a glance at the screwed-up porthole, the glass of which lay as dusky with grime as the scuttle of a whaler that has been three years a-fishing.

"Very proper wedder, Sah," he answered.

"Captain Bunting up?"

"No, Sah."

"You will be glad to get to Cape Town, I dare say," said I, scrubbing at my face, and willing to talk since I noticed a disposition in the fellow to linger. "Do you hail from that settlement, Punmeamooty?"

"No, Sah: I long to Ceylon," he answered.

"How many Cingalese are there aboard?"

"Tree," he answered.

"Do the rest belong to the Cape?"

He shook his head and replied, "No; one Burmah man, another Penang, another Singapore—allee like that."

"But your work in this ship ends at Cape Town?"

"Yes, Sah," he answered, swiftly and fiercely.

"Are you all Mahometans?"

"Yes, allee Mussulmen."

I understood by *allee* that he meant all. He fastened his dusky eyes upon me with an expression of expectation that I would pursue the subject: finding me silent, he looked behind him and then said, in a species of English that was not "pigeon" and that I can but feebly reproduce, though, to be sure, what was most remarkable in it came from the colour it took through his intonation, and that glitter in his eyes which had made them visible to me in the dusk of the previous evening, "You have been wrecked, Sah?" I nodded. "But you sabbee nabigation?"

I could not restrain a laugh. "I know nothing of navigation," said I; "but I was not wrecked for the want of it, Punmeamooty."

"But de beautiful young lady, she sabbee nabigation?" said he, with an apologetic conciliatory grin that laid bare a wide range of his gleaming white teeth.

"How do you know that?" said I, struck by the question.

"Me hear you tell de captain, Sah."

"Yes," said I, "I believe she can navigate a ship." He tossed his hands and rolled up his eyes in ludicrous imitation, as I thought, of his captain's behaviour when he desired to express admiration. "She beautiful young lady," he exclaimed, "and werry good—kind smile, and berry sorry for poor Mussulmen, Sah."

"I know what you mean, Punmeamooty," said I. "We are both very sorry, believe me! The captain means well"—the man's teeth met in a sudden snap as I said this—"the man means well," I repeated, eyeing him steadily, "but it is a mistaken kindness. The lady and I will endeavour to influence him; though, at the same time, we trust to be out of the ship very soon, possibly too soon to be of any use. Anything in sight?"

"No, Sah!"

He loitered still, as though he had more to say. Finding me silent, he made an odd sort of obeisance and disappeared.

Helga's cabin-door was shut. I listened, but could not collect amid the creaking noises that she was stirring within. It was likely she had passed an uneasy night and was now sleeping, and in that belief I gained the hatchway and mounted on deck.

The first person I saw was Helga. She was talking to the two boatmen at the foot of the little poop ladder, under the lee of the bulwarks, which were very nearly the height of a man. The decks were still dark with the swabbing-up of the brine with which they had been scoured. The galley chimney was hospitably smoking. A group of the coloured seamen lounged to leeward of the galley, with steaming pannikins and biscuits

in their hands, and, as they ate and drank, they talked incessantly. The fellow named Nakier stood on the fore-castle with his arms folded, persistently staring aft, as it seemed to me, at Helga and the boatmen. The sun was about half an hour above the horizon; the sky was very delicately shaded with a frosty network of cloud, full of choice and tender tints, as though the sun were a prism flooding the heavens with manicoloured radiance. Over the lee-rail the sea was running in a fine rich blue streaked with foam, and the wind was a moderate breeze from which the completely clothed masts of the barque were leaning with the yards braced forward, for, so far as I could tell by the sun, the wind was about south-east.

All these details my eye took in as I stepped out of the hatch. Helga advanced to meet me, and I held her hand.

"You are looking very bonny this morning," said I. "Your sleep has done you good. Good morning, Abraham; and how are you, Jacob? You two are the men I just now want to see."

"Marning, Mr. Tregarthen," exclaimed Abraham. "How are you, Sir? Don't Miss Nielsen look first-rate? Why, she ain't the same lady she was when we first fell in with ye."

"It is true, Helga," said I. "Did Captain Bunting smuggle some cosmetics into your cabin, along with his wash-stand?"

"Oh, do not joke, Hugh," said she. "Look around the ocean: it is still bare."

"I've bin a-telling Miss Nielsen," exclaimed Abraham, "that them coloured chaps forrads are a-talking about her as if she were a divinity."

"A angel," said Jacob.

"A divinity," said Abraham, looking at his mate. "The cove they calls boss—that there Nakier yonder, him as is a-looking at us as if his heart was a-going to bust—what d'ye think he says—ay, and in fast-class English, too? 'That there gal,' says he, 'ain't no Englishwoman. I'm glad to know it. She's got too sweet a hoye for an Englishwoman.' 'What d'ye know about hoyes?' says I. 'English bad, bad,' says he; 'some good,' here he holds up his thumb as if a-counting wain; 'but many verree bad, verree bad,' he says, says he, and here he holds up his fower fingers, like a little sprouting of o'er-ripe plantains, meaning fower to one, I allow."

"It's pork as is at the bottom o' them feelin's," said Jacob.

"Abraham," said I, in a low voice, for I had no desire to be overheard by the mate, who came and went at the rim of the poop overhead in his walk from the taffrail to the break of the deck, "before you accept Captain Bunting's offer"—

"I have accepted it, Mr. Tregarthen," he interrupted.

"When?"

"Last noight, or call it this marning. He was up and down while I kep' a look-out, and wanst he says to me, 'Are you agreeable, Vise?' says he; and I says, 'Yes, Sir,' having talked the matter o'er with Jacob."

"I hope the pair of you have thought the matter well out," said I, with a glance at the captain's cabin, from which, however, we stood too far to be audible to him in it. "I saw Nakier haranguing you yesterday afternoon, and, though you told me you didn't quite understand him, yet surely by this time you will have seen enough to make you guess that if the captain insists on forcing pork down those men's throats his ship is not going to continue a floating Garden of Eden!"

"Whoy, that may be roight enough," answered Abraham; "but them coloured chaps' grievences ha'n't got nothen' to do with Jacob an' me. What I considered is this: here am I offered fower pound a month, and there's Jacob, who's to go upon the articles for three pound; that'll be seven pound 'twixt us tew men. Ain't that money good enough for the likes of us, Mr. Tregarthen? Where's the Airly Marn? Where's my fifteen pound vorth o' property? Where's Jacob's height pound vorth—ay, every farden of height pound?" he exclaimed, looking at Jacob, who confirmed his assurance with a prodigious nod. "As to them leather-coloured covies," he continued, with a contemptuous look forwards, then pausing, he cried out, "'Soides, whoy shouldn't they eat pork? If it's good enough for me and Jacob, ain't it good enough for the loikes o' such a poor little parcel o' sickly flesh as that there Nakier and his mates?"

"It is a question of religion with them," said I.

"Religion!" grumbled Jacob. "Religion, Mr. Tregarthen, don't lie here, Sir," putting his hand upon his waistcoat, "but here," pointing with a tarry-looking finger to where he imagined his heart was. "There hain't no religion in dishes. I've heerd of chaps a-preaching in tubs, but I never heerd of religion lying pickled in a cask. Don't you let them chaps gammon you, Sir. 'Tain't pork: it's a determination to find fault."

"But have they not said enough in your hearing to persuade you they are in earnest?" said Helga.

"Why, ye see, lady," answered Abraham, "that their language is a sort o' conversation which there's ne'er a man along Deal beach as has ever been eddicated in, how'er it may be along o' your part o' the coast, Mr. Tregarthen. What they says among themselves I don't understand."

"But have they not complained to you," persisted Helga gently, "of being obliged by the captain either to go without food every other day or to eat meat that is forbidden to them by their religion?"

"That there Nakier," replied Abraham, "spun a long yarn yesterday to Jacob and me whilst we layagin the galley feeling werry ordinary—werry ordinary indeed—arter that there bad job of the Airly Marn; but he talked so fast, and so soft tew, that all that I could tell ye of his yarn, Miss, is that he and his mates don't fancy themselves as comfortable as they might be."

I said quietly, for Mr. Jones had come to a halt at the rail above us: "Well, Abraham, my advice to you both is, look about you a little while longer before you allow your names to be put upon the articles of this ship."

At that moment the captain came out of the door of the cuddy, and the two boatmen, with a flourish of their hands to Helga, went rolling forward. He came up to us, all smiles and politeness. It was easy to see that he had taken some trouble in dressing himself; his whiskers were carefully brushed; he wore a new purple-satin scarf; his ample black waistcoat hinted that it belonged to his Sunday suit, or "best things," as servants call it; his boots were well polished; he showed an abundance of white cuff; and his wideawake sat somewhat jauntily upon his head. His two or three chins went rolling and disappearing like a ground swell betwixt the opening of a pair of tall starched collars—an unusual embellishment, I should have imagined, at sea, where starch is as scarce as newspapers. He hoped Helga had slept well; he only trusted that the noises of straining and creaking below had not disturbed her. She must really change her mind, and occupy Mr. Jones's cabin. After shaking me by the hand, he seemed to forget that I stood by, so busy was he in his attention to Helga. He asked her to step on to the poop or upper deck.

"These planks are not yet dry," said he; "and besides," he went on smiling always, "your proper place, my dear young lady, is aft, where there is, at all events, seclusion, though, alas! I am unable to offer you the elegances and luxuries of an ocean mail steamer."

We mounted the ladder, and he came to a stand to survey the sea.

"What a mighty waste, is it not, Miss Nielsen? Nothing in sight. All hopelessly sterile. But it is not for me to complain," he added significantly.

He then called to Mr. Jones, and all very blandly, with the gentlemanly airs and graces which one associates with the counter, he asked him how the weather had been since eight bells, if any vessels had been sighted, and so forth, talking with a marked reference to Helga being near and listening to him.

Mr. Jones, with his purple pimple of a nose of the shape of a woman's thimble standing out from the middle of his pale face, with a small but extraordinary light-blue eye twinkling on either side of it under straw-coloured lashes and eyebrows resembling oakum, listened to and addressed the captain with the utmost degree of respect. There was an air of shabbiness and of hard usage about his apparel that bespoke him a man whose locker was not likely to be overburthened with shot. His walk was something of a shamble, that was heightened by the loose pair of old carpet slippers he wore, and by the frayed heels of his breeches. His age was probably thirty. He impressed me as a man whose appearance would tell against him among owners and shipmasters, who would therefore obtain a berth with difficulty, but who when once in possession would hold on tight by all possible strenuous effort of fawning, of agreeing, of submissively undertaking more work than a captain had a right to put him to.

While we thus stood I sent a look around the little Light of the World to see what sort of a ship we were aboard of, for down to this time I had scarcely had an opportunity of inspecting her. She was an old vessel, probably forty years old. This I might have guessed from the existence of the cabins in the steerage; but her beam and the roundness of her bows and a universal worn air, that answered to the wrinkles upon the human countenance, likewise spoke her age very plainly. Her fittings were of the homeliest: there was no brass-work here to glitter upon the eye; her deck furniture was, indeed, as coarse and plain as a smack's, with a look about the skylight, about the companion hatch-cover, about the drumhead of the little quarterdeck capstan, and about the line of the poop and bulwark-rail, as though they had been used over and over again by generations of seamen for cutting up plug tobacco upon. She had a very short fore-castle-deck forward, under which you saw the heel of the bowsprit and the heaped mass of windlass; but the men's sleeping quarters were in the deck beneath, to which access was to be had only by what is commonly called a fore-scuttle—that is to say, a little hatch with a cover to it, which could be bolted and padlocked at will. Aft the galley lay the long-boat, a squab tub of a fabric like the mother whose daughter she was. It rested in chocks, on its keel, and was lashed to bolts in the deck. There were some spare booms secured on top of it, but the boat's one use now was as a receptacle for poultry for the captain's table. On either side of the poop hung a quarter-boat in davits—plain structures, sharp-ended like whaling-boats. Add a few details, such as a scuttle-butt for holding fresh water for the crew to drink from; a harness-cask against the cuddy-front, for storing the salted meats for current use; the square of the main-hatch tarpaulined and battened down; and then the yards mounting the masts and rising from courses to royals, spars and gear looking as old as the rest of the ship, though the sails seemed new, and shone very white as the wind swelled their breasts to the sun, and you have as good a picture as I can put before you of this Light of the World that was bearing Helga and me hour by hour farther and deeper into the heart of the great Atlantic, and that was also to be the theatre of one of the strangest and wildest of the events which furnished forth this trying and desperate passage of my life.

Captain Bunting moved away with an invitation in his manner to Helga to walk. I lingered to exchange a word with the mate from the mere desire to be civil. Helga called me with her eyes to accompany her, then, hearing me speak to Mr. Jones, she joined the captain and paced by his side. I spied him making an angle of his arm for her to take, but she looked away, and he let fall his hand.

"If Abraham Wise," said I, "agrees to sail with you, Mr. Jones, you will have a very likely lively fellow to relieve you in keeping watch."

"Yes; he seems a good man. It is a treat to see a white face knocking about this vessel's deck," he answered in a spiritless way, as though he found little to interest him when his captain's back was turned.

"You certainly have a very odd-looking crew," said I. "I believe I should not have the courage to send myself adrift along with one white man only aboard a craft full of Malays."

"There were three of us," he answered, "but Winstanley disappeared shortly after we had sailed."

As he spoke, Nakier, on the fore-castle, struck a little silver-toned bell eight times, signifying eight o'clock.

"Who is that copper-coloured, scowling-looking fellow at the wheel?" I asked, indicating the man who had been at the helm when Helga and I came aboard on the preceding day.

"His name is Ong Kew Ho," he answered. "A rare beauty, ain't he?" he added, with a little life coming into his eyes. "His face looks rotten with ripeness. Sorry to say he's in my watch, and he's the one of them all that I never feel very easy with of a dark night when he's where he is now and I'm alone here."

"But the looks of those Asiatic folk don't always express their minds," said I. "I remember boarding a ship off the town I belong to and noticing among the crew the most hideous, savage-looking creature it would be possible to imagine: eyes asquint, a flat nose with nostrils going to either cheek, black hair wriggling past his ears like snakes, and a mouth like a terrible wound; indeed, he is not to be described; yet the captain assured me that he was the gentlest, best-behaved man he had ever had under him, and the one favourite of the crew."

"He wasn't a Malay," said Mr. Jones, drily.

"The captain didn't know his country," said I.

Here Abraham arrived to take charge of the deck. He had polished himself up to the best of his ability, and mounted the ladder with an air of importance. He took a slow, merchant-sailor-like, deep-sea survey of the horizon, following on with an equally deliberate gaze aloft at the canvas, then knuckled his brow to Mr. Jones, who gave him the course and exchanged a few words with him, and immediately after left the deck, howling out an irrepressible yawn as he descended the ladder.

It was not for me to engage Abraham in conversation. He was now on duty, and I understood the sea-discipline well enough to know that he must be left alone. I thereupon joined Helga and Captain Bunting, not a little amused secretly by the quarterdeck strut the worthy boatman put on, by the knowing, consequential expression in his eyes as they met in a squint in the compass-bowl, by his slow look at the sea over the taffrail and the twist in his pursed-up lips as he went rolling forwards to the break of the poop, viewing the sails as though anxious to find something wrong, that he might give an order and prove his zeal.

At half past eight Punmeamooty rang a little bell in the



cabin, and we went down to breakfast. The repast, it was to be easily seen, was the best the ship's larder could furnish, and in excess of what was commonly placed upon the table. There was a good ham, there was a piece of ship's corned beef, and I recollect a jar of marmalade, some white biscuit, and a pot of hot coffee. The coloured steward waited nimbly, with a singular swiftness and eagerness of manner when attending to Helga, at whom I would catch him furtively gazing askant, with an expression in his fiery, dusky eyes that was more of wonder and respect, I thought, than of admiration. At times he would send a sideways look at the captain that put the fancy of a flourished knife into one's head, so keen and sudden and gleaming was it. Mr. Jones had apparently breakfasted and withdrawn to his cabin, thankful, no doubt, for a chance to stretch his legs upon a mattress.

In the course of the meal Helga inquired the situation of the ship.

"We are, as nearly as possible," answered the captain, "on the latitude of the island of Madeira, and, roundly speaking, some hundred and twenty miles to the eastward of it. But you know how to take an observation of the sun, Mr. Tregarthen informed me. I have a spare sextant, and at noon you and I will together find out the latitude and longitude. I should very well like to have my reckoning confirmed by you," and he leaned towards her, and smiled and looked at her.

She coloured, and said that, though her father had taught her navigation, her calculations could not be depended upon. But for her wish to please me, I believe she would not have troubled herself to give him that answer, but coldly proceeded with the question she now put—

"Since we are so close to Madeira, Captain Bunting, would it be inconvenienting you to sail your barque to that island, where we are sure to find a steamer to carry us home?"

He softly shook his head with an expression of bland concern, while he sentimentally lifted his eyes to the tell-tale compass above his head.

"You ask too much, Helga," said I. "You must know that the deviation of a ship from her course may vitiate her policy of insurance, should disaster follow."

"Just so!" exclaimed the captain, with a thankful and smiling inclination of his head at me.

"Besides, Helga," said I gently, "supposing, on our arrival at Madeira, we should find no steamer going to England for some days, what should we do? There are no houses of charity in that island of Portuguese beggars, I fear; and Captain Bunting may readily guess how it happens that I left my purse at home."

"Just so!" he repeated, giving me such another nod as he had before bestowed.

The subject dropped. The captain made some remark about the part of the ocean we were in being abundantly navigated by homeward-bound craft, then talked of other matters; but whatever he said, though directly addressed to me, seemed to my ear to be spoken for the girl, as though, indeed, were she absent, he would talk little or in another strain.

(To be continued.)

## THE PRIZES OF LITERATURE.

Something has been said lately about the decline in the remuneration for literary work. In the early days of the *Quarterly Review* and its rival the *Edinburgh*, contributors to those distinguished periodicals were paid very handsomely indeed. It is not at all likely that the same scale of rewards is preserved now. Indeed, there are so many reviews and magazines, and so many writers, that the market for literary wares cannot "rule high," as they say in the commercial intelligence. But there is one branch of intellectual effort which is occasionally rated at a remarkably high figure. Let the literary novice try his or her hand at a story in a competition, and the result may be something like prompt and startling affluence. In the ordinary course of business, the beginner might go on writing for years without earning what, by any stretch of imagination, could be called bread and butter. He or she might be totally destitute of originality, or, indeed, of any capacity save that of keeping a head barely above the waters of impossible grammar. This accomplishment, when exercised in the ordinary way, would not be sufficient to give any appreciable lining even to the smallest purse. But observe the beautiful dispensation of advertisement. A journal in search of a circulation finds the novice a most useful agent. Attract a sufficient number of people by offering a tremendous prize for a contribution, and at once all the obscure literary cravings in the country are concentrated on a definite object. For example, here is a chance of winning a house worth some hundreds of pounds by writing a story. The prize has been awarded to a lady, whose tale has been duly printed. It is not a striking composition. An Italian sculptor, eager to defeat a rival in a State competition, is visited by Satan, who promises to endow him with supernatural talent, and crown him with rewards and trophies for ten years after, when his soul is to pay the penalty. He accepts the bargain, and next day he designs a statue the like of which has never been seen. It gains the prize, the hated rival is humiliated, and everything promises fair for the fortunate sculptor. But within two years he is suspected of dealing with the powers of evil: he is shunned by his fellows and threatened by the populace, and, to cap everything, he is visited by Satan, with horns and claws, who claims his prey. "But you said ten years," protests the terrified man. "You shouldn't have trusted the father of lies," is the retort. And the sculptor's child coming in presently finds his father dead and a great bat flying out of the window. Now there is nothing specially novel in this, except, perhaps, the innovation which makes Satan play a very shabby trick. In other versions of this familiar transaction, in which a man sells himself to the devil, it is commonly assumed that the diabolical purchaser will observe the terms of the bargain. Possibly the writer of the story just described, who happens to be a lady, thinks it serves a wholesome purpose to represent the Evil One in this unfavourable light. But, granting this, does anybody think the story worth £400? It occupies just two pages of the paper in which it appears. It does not sparkle with fancy, nor appal the mind with tragic force. Its syntax is far from irreproachable. Yet the author may henceforth dwell in the house which she has won with her pen, and, no doubt, her friends will regard her as a portentous genius. No novelist of the time has ever been so highly paid. Four hundred pounds for a short story never figured in the wildest dreams of Bret Harte or Thomas Hardy or Robert Louis Stevenson. Perhaps the lucky spinster who imagined such a new and powerful theme of fiction will continue her meteoric career, and become the proprietor not of one house only, but of whole terraces. This ought to be a pleasing prospect for the building trade; and who will say that in this sort of literature bricks are made without straw?

## THE INTERVIEWER.

BY HARRY FURNISS.

In a recent interesting article in these columns under the above heading I am referred to by the writer as an authority upon "Interviewing," and it might be supposed from what he says that I have condemned this much-debated feature of modern journalism. As a matter of fact, I believe that the sketches of mine to which the writer refers were originally rough notes in a letter to a journalist who, having "interviewed" me for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, afterwards applied to me for my views apropos of this vexed question.

Like most other things, there is a great deal to be said upon both sides. According to my experience of interviewers, which has been no small one, the Paul Pry-ing individuals whom some people conjure up in the place of those honest writers for the Press, who are simply performing what is often a very pleasant duty, have no existence in fact. It is, I believe, merely owing to this false impression of the interviewer that many refuse even to see him, and, picturing to themselves all sorts of dire results from allowing him to cross their thresholds, regard him simply as an intruder, and shower their abuse upon him accordingly.

What, may I ask, are all we journalists, artists, and perhaps caricaturists, but interviewers in one shape or another? What is the lobby of the House of Commons itself but a theatre for the interviewer? How often do we read in the staidest magazines, and in organs of every possible shade of thought, both past and present, descriptive accounts both of



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

As I draw him.

As some say he ought to be drawn.

the private and public life of eminent characters which are nothing else but interviews in disguise? While many so-called articles professing only to touch upon points of public interest in connection with well-known people come, in reality, under the same category.

In common with many others, I personally have no objection whatever to a legitimate "interview." Indeed, as is very well said in the article to which I have referred, where a public man happens to be bringing out something novel and of interest to the public at large, it certainly seems to me judicious that he should give his preliminary ideas regarding it to the public first hand, instead of allowing them to leak out in an unauthentic and disfigured form through the fervid imaginations of irresponsible scribes, leading to much subsequent misconception. What I do object to, however, is the interviewer in disguise—the sort of individual who, while he is chatting to you in a friendly way at a club or a garden party, is furtively making copious use of his shirt-cuffs whenever you are not looking, and afterwards retails your remarks and impressions upon his own



MR. HARRY FURNISS.

"Sitting upon a table and dangling my legs."

On the platform.

account, spinning them out with the facility of a tape-machine.

Lord Randolph Churchill, for instance, was recently applied to for his correct height, and certain papers have waxed very wroth with me for giving the public a false impression of the



THE IMAGINARY INTERVIEWER AT WORK.

noble lord in that particular. I was accordingly interviewed on the matter, and I was only too pleased to have the opportunity of once more explaining that I do not profess to supply photographs of members, and that I am not in the habit of measuring them like a tailor, but that I endeavour to give something more than a mere portrait, and seek in their physical delineation to reflect something of their political character. Thus from the first I have inflated the figure of Sir William Harcourt in my Parliamentary sketches, and minimised that of Lord Randolph Churchill—a political prognostication upon my part which I venture to think most people would admit has at all events been justified up to date, and in the same way, if I had similarly to depict some of the newspapers which have gone out of their way to abuse me so roundly, I should probably show them about the size of a postage-stamp.

The interviewer, I have observed, is apt to make two great mistakes in the pursuit of his vocation. The first is in calling upon people who are not worth interviewing at all, and who are, therefore, the chief abusers of the system; and the second consists in interviewing well-known men without any special object. The interviewer should wait until his subject—no matter who that subject may be—has something of a special character to communicate. In this connection, I must say that a literary friend of mine, who strongly objects to interviewing, seems to be quite right in saying that in consenting to be interviewed one is only giving away so much good copy for nothing. And, being a supreme humourist, and much importuned by public and private inquiry, he hit upon the happy thought of replying to the applicants by sending them a list of his charges for being interviewed, the scale of fees varying according to the time required and the value of the ideas extracted from him. But then, what was he going to be interviewed about? The cut of his beard? or the new Brussels carpet in his drawing-room? or the effects of the daily use of



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

As some see him.

As I draw him.

oleomargarine? However, whatever startling novelties my friend might have in store for the British public, he would surely be pleased to let them have his ideas first hand, as I have said, than through an unauthorised and ignorant source.

The custom of interviewing certainly possesses one great advantage. It dislodges much of that misconception which the public so often gets into its head regarding men about whom they hear a great deal, but very seldom see. Why, I have heard it said of an intimate friend of mine that he always sleeps over his stables, and amuses himself during the night by shooting rats with a rook-rifle; and my informant even went so far as to hint that a salmi of game which frequently appeared upon my friend's table was composed of the produce of these nocturnal battues. Another public man, I have heard it stated, has blue hair; that there is another who always dines in boating flannels; while it is only a few days ago since it was stated of me that I am in the habit of lecturing to the public, sitting upon a table and dangling my legs, while I am attired in a light tweed suit.

However, like everything else which appears in the newspapers, the comparative advantages and disadvantages of interviewing are for the public to decide. I have never yet found the editor or proprietor of a newspaper who would persist in publishing matter contrary to the wish of his readers, and, consequently, to the detriment of the balance-sheet. When interviewing has run its course, we shall probably have some other journalistic novelty to take its place, and let us hope that it will not only be as interesting to the reading public, but as harmless in its results to those who are experimented upon.



## WESTERN CHINA AND TIBET.

(Continued.)

Mr. A. E. Pratt's sojourn, on two occasions, at Ta-tsien-lu (more correct spelling than Ta-chien-lu), a village or small town in the mountains of the province of Se-chuen, in Western China, near the frontier of Tibet, was the subject of an interesting paper read at the evening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, April 13; and we published last week a portion of the narrative, describing his boat voyage up the great river Yang-tze-kiang to Su-chow-fu, or Sui-fu, and then up the Min to Kia-ting-fu, whence he travelled overland, in May and June 1889, staying a month at Wa-shan, and crossing the Tung River at Sha-pa, reached the remote highland town, a notable place for Chinese traffic with Tibet. A good view of Ta-tsien-lu, supplied to us by Mr. Pratt, was presented in our last publication; also a distant view of the Tibetan mountain range, 17,000 ft. high; and an illustration of the tent in which he and his companion, on his second expedition, in May 1890, endured the cold mountain air at an elevation of 13,500 ft. Mr. Pratt's object was the pursuit of entomological researches, in which he was accompanied by a German scientific explorer, Mr. Kricheldorf; but Father Soutie, one of the French missionaries of Sha-pa or Ta-tsien-lu, was with him on the mountain excursion. We now proceed to give further extracts from Mr. Pratt's own narrative, with some additional illustrations of a region not easy of access, which has scarcely hitherto been precisely described:—

"Ta-tsien-lu is a most interesting town. All sorts of Asiatics may be met in its streets, and Europeans therefore attract less attention here than in other places where strangers are seldom seen. The natives of the place are the wildest-looking

into Ta-tsien-lu in great quantities, and form the current coin, and of late years the number of Russian roubles has considerably increased.

"In April 1890, when we made a second expedition to Ta-tsien-lu, to increase our collections, we carried out the

measured, and found it to be 30 ft. in circumference. The path led us at first through a wide fertile valley of rice-fields, with clumps of trees scattered here and there as in a park. The mountain is covered from head to foot with undergrowth and forest, pines, hollies, and other evergreens



STREAM FLOWING THROUGH TA-TSIEN-LU.

intention we had formed on our previous journey, of ascending Mount Omei. This mountain is 11,100 ft. high, and is regarded throughout the neighbouring countries as a shrine of peculiar sanctity. There are between sixty and eighty

predominating. On ascending the lowest spurs of the hills, we passed a beautiful pool of clear water, very blue, well stocked with fish. Flowers were very abundant, wild roses, anemones, asters, yellow violets, and two species of hydrangea. Here I noticed the *Pawia begonia*, which, I believe, has no representative in Europe, but which is represented in America. Near the top I found a primula and a dwarf azalea with fragrant foliage—the latter, so far as I know, a unique specimen. On our way up we met a Tibetan whom we had known at Ta-tsien-lu the year before: he had travelled all that way, with his wife and two little children, to worship Buddha in a temple halfway up the mountain. The priests, however, in common with all the Chinese, regard the Tibetans as barbarians, and will not allow them to enter the temple, or give them any accommodation; so they had encamped below it, and were cooking their food at a fire they had lighted. Wan-nien-ssü, where we spent our first night on Omei, is a delightful spot; the vegetation is particularly fine, and semi-tropical in character. The variety of species of large trees seen here is surprising.

"The mountain is crowned by a temple which stands close to the edge of the great precipice. The present structure is of wood, but the original was of bronze, and tons of bronze slabs with the image of Buddha are still lying on the ground. They appear to be Indian work, and were originally covered with gilt. Some of them have been let into the walls of the wooden building, and on those that have been protected from the weather the gilding still remains. At one of the lower temples we saw a life-size brass elephant. It looked like Indian work, and had probably been cast in sections.

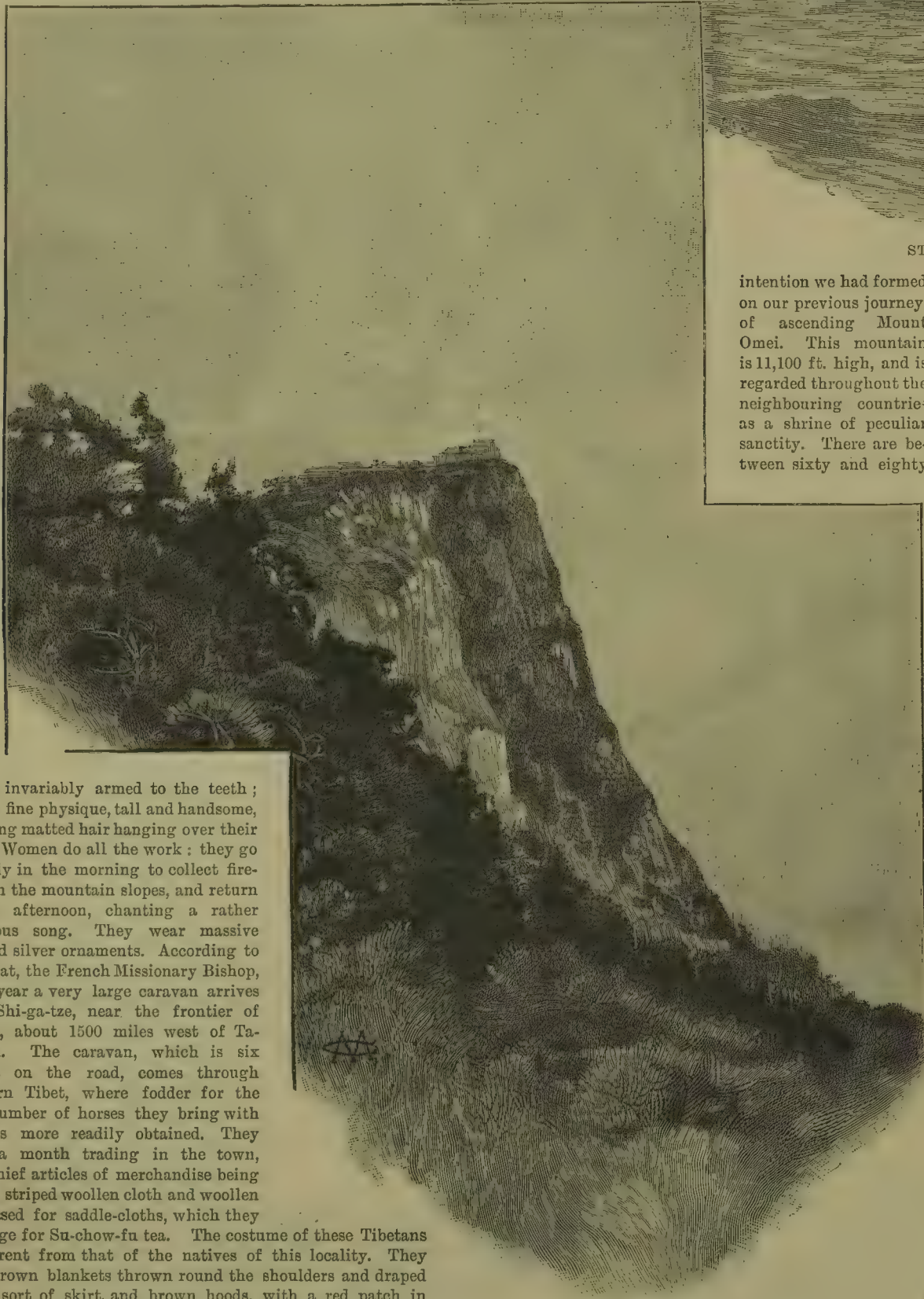
"During this visit I more than once witnessed the curious phenomena known as the 'Glory of Buddha.' Standing on the edge of the precipice, and looking down into the sea of mist which generally fills the valley below, I saw, about 150 feet beneath me, the golden disc surrounded by rainbow-coloured rings of light, which is the chief marvel of Mount Omei, and the clearest evidence of its sanctity. Every year many pilgrims commit suicide by throwing themselves down from this cliff.

"Early the following morning I saw the most beautiful sight I ever beheld. The sun was shining brightly, and the atmosphere on the mountain top was perfectly clear; below us lay a level sea of cloud, and perhaps a hundred miles away, as the crow flies, we could see the mountains around Ta-tsien-lu, and the great snowy range of Tibet, rising out of the mist with the brilliant sunshine gleaming on their white peaks.

"Leaving Omei-shan, we passed through a flat uninteresting rice plain to a market town called Kiah-kiang, where I met the coolies who had been sent on to wait for me there, and continued my journey to Ta-tsien-lu."

We shall give further illustrations, with extracts from Mr. Pratt's narrative, and information relating to the botany and the physical characteristics of the regions visited on both journeys. He says that the mail system was decidedly curious. Official despatches were carried from Lhasa to Peking by a mounted courier, who rode day and night. He was tied on to his horse at starting, and at each station he reached he was untied, lifted off, given a raw egg, and then mounted on another horse which was ready waiting for him. The two soldiers who accompanied him were changed at every station. Many of these couriers died on the road. Mr. Pratt was at Ta-tsien-lu on June 24, 1890, when Prince Henri d'Orléans and M. Bonvalot arrived from their journey across Tibet, with an escort.

(To be continued.)



SUMMIT OF OMEI-SHAN.

people, invariably armed to the teeth; some of fine physique, tall and handsome, with long matted hair hanging over their faces. Women do all the work: they go out early in the morning to collect firewood on the mountain slopes, and return in the afternoon, chanting a rather melodious song. They wear massive gold and silver ornaments. According to Mgr. Biat, the French Missionary Bishop, once a year a very large caravan arrives from Shi-ga-tze, near the frontier of Sikkim, about 1500 miles west of Ta-tsien-lu. The caravan, which is six months on the road, comes through Southern Tibet, where fodder for the large number of horses they bring with them is more readily obtained. They spend a month trading in the town, their chief articles of merchandise being narrow striped woollen cloth and woollen rugs, used for saddle-cloths, which they exchange for Su-chow-fu tea. The costume of these Tibetans is different from that of the natives of this locality. They wear brown blankets thrown round the shoulders and draped into a sort of skirt, and brown hoods, with a red patch in the centre, hanging at the back of the head like a monk's cowl.

"I noticed much tea, tobacco, and salt being carried to Ta-tsien-lu, and coming from Ta-tsien-lu for export to the east, hides, musk, and deer-horns. The bricks of tea, weighing about from 7 lb. to 10 lb. each, are wrapped in matting, and piled up on a bamboo frame on the coolies' backs; one man will carry about twenty bricks. The tobacco is packed in bamboo baskets. The coolies travel in gangs of fifty or sixty men. The Tibetans travelling with brick tea take tents with them, but never sleep under them; they cover the tea with the tent, tie their dogs up near, and lie down on the ground wrapped in their blankets. Indian rupees have always come

temples on it, and about two thousand priests, and it is continually visited by many thousands of pilgrims. The mountain rises abruptly like a promontory, and can only be ascended from one side. The other sides are extremely steep, one being a precipice nearly a mile and a third high, the highest sheer declivity, perhaps, in the world.

"As we approached the mountain, we passed many fine trees, of a species allied to the banyan. One particularly fine specimen, with a magnificent spread of foliage, I





A GENERAL FAVOURITE.



## WOMEN, AND OTHER WOMEN.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The kindly people who interfered on behalf of the women chain-makers of Cradley Heath have been smitten with a great surprise. These chain-makers had been seen labouring with huge hammers at thick stalks of metal, and were deeply pitied. This was no fit work for women; there must be an end of it. Accordingly, measures were taken to provide by law that men only should be allowed to wield those great hammers and make those heavy chains. It was evidently expected that the women of Cradley Heath would rejoice with a grateful joy if they were compelled to give up this work; but, as soon as emancipation appeared imminent, up rose the poor women to protest against it with all their might. "What is this," they cry, "but another instance of the brutal selfishness of men? We can do the work very well; our arms are strong enough, and we have the knack of the thing. All that we can see in this business is that we are to be driven out of the field and deprived of bread in order to make higher wages for the men whose labour we compete with."

Now that was not the intention of the good people who got up the Cradley Heath movement. They never expected to hear this complaint, but as soon as it is uttered they see that there is something in it. What answer is to be given to a sturdy woman who asks, "Why am I to be forbidden to do the work I can do, and by which I earn my bread? And what do you propose to do with me when you have limited my only means of existence?" It is a very awkward inquiry when there is no satisfactory answer to the counter-question, "Are you married or single?" Supposing the woman married, the reply is, "The less you compete with men, the more men's wages will rise; and that is your compensation." But supposing the woman has no husband, what then? There is no answer but one—"It is well that you should suffer for the common good. Women employed in extremely laborious occupations must become degraded physically, which is bad for the nation at large; and the lower wages that women are satisfied with cheapens the labour of men, which is bad for their wives and children." But this too is an awkward rejoinder in the mouths of those who busy themselves with the defence of women against the selfishness of Man, and who would open all employments to them. No doubt the weaker women employed in such labour as chain-making do become degraded physically; and, beyond all question, the physical degradation of women is an enormous evil, fatal in its tendency to the whole race they belong to, especially if the men are hard-worked too. But it is an evil that arises not from chain-making alone. Women who are ludicrously unfit for that kind of work engage in other employments, called "light," which, though they make no great demand upon muscular strength, are yet more ruinous to physical stamina, more destructive of nervous resource. In at least an equal degree, most probably in a far higher degree, these young women not only suffer in themselves, but contribute to the physical degradation of the people. At the same time, their increasing numbers in many kinds of work cheapen the labour of men and lower the means of life for wives and children.

We have gossiped of the matter before in this column; acknowledging, as must be acknowledged, that women who have none to strive for them in a population with fewer males than females in it must compete with men for work and wages. But what we observe is that women who are under no absolute compulsion to fight in the labour market are urged or encouraged to do so by a certain order of New Light Reformers as if it were a merit instead of a misfortune. That women should contend with men in this or that trade, profession, or occupation is represented as a struggle for emancipation—righteous warfare against the tyranny of selfishness or the tyranny of convention. This seems to me extremely foolish, proud as the preachers of the folly seem to be of their superior intelligence and advancement. Over-population, where only the men work for wages, is an acknowledged evil. When over-population is attended by an excess of women, who must needs fight for themselves in their native land (it is not easy for them to emigrate), the evil is intensified; because women's work reduces the rate of wages in every employment they are able to engage in. When, therefore, other women, who are not without means, not without help from the men of their family, are encouraged to go forth and lower the wage-rate yet further for the sake of asserting themselves, or to gain some luxurious little addition to income, folly is committed, and folly by which women are sufferers. For the Champions of the Sex seem quite to lose sight of the fact that most women are wives and mothers, and that to the mass of them the reduction of the wage-rate is a matter of profound concern. They see no charm in an "emancipation," an opening of the door to women's labour, which limits the earnings of their husbands and sons, or ousts them from their places altogether in favour of a cheaper article. And yet they are expected to glory in it as a triumph for the sex—which is ridiculous!

And so, I suspect, it is with other matters. Just now there is a yawping of delight among the Emancipators of Women at the loosing of the tyranny of the marriage tie. A certain legal decision, lately recorded, is hailed as putting an end to the brutal conception that the woman becomes the property of the man when she marries him—his toy, his slave, his chattel, his everything that is insulting and degrading. Now at last it is proclaimed that this ancient and abominable servitude is over. Supposing her possessed of a little property, the woman may make herself as independent after marriage as she was before, and be just as little of a wife as pleases her; and the emancipator sets up his cry of rejoicing over another triumph for the sex. How many women are there who think it so? A considerable number, no doubt. One in twenty, one in fifty would be a considerable number. Reckon as many as these in the emancipation chorus, and the enormous residue is all composed of women who know what rubbish is this talk of chattels and slaves and toys. Moreover, such of them as are wedded, even if they be not happily wedded, lack both wit and instinct if they do not feel that women will find nothing to rejoice at in a general loosing of the marriage bond. But, though there are some women who would prefer freedom for themselves, few are so dull as not to know that the stupidest conception of a triumph for the sex is a state of society in which the obligations of marriage become enfeebled.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In response to my request for samples of mirror-writing, I have been favoured with a large number of letters from correspondents of both sexes and of all ages. The first point made clear by this correspondence is the frequency with which mirror-writing is practised; and a second point worth notice is the ease with which most of my correspondents allege they can practise the art. A large proportion of the writers agree in what is, scientifically, an important condition for mirror-writing—namely, the greater ease with which the left hand is employed in writing in this style over the right hand. Many of the writers say they can write in mirror-style with the right or with the left hand at will; but it is notable that the practice comes much more easily to the left than to the right hand. I repeat this is in itself an important point, for reasons presently to be detailed. A small proportion of my correspondents show a very fair ability in writing in four directions—namely, right hand forwards or naturally, left hand forwards (also natural characters), right hand backwards (mirror-writing), and left hand backwards, also mirror-wise. Capital letters, in a few cases, are declared to be less easily written in mirror-fashion than small letters. A left-handed lady tells me that she had great difficulty (as was natural), when a child, in learning to hold the pen in the right hand. She writes me a letter completely in mirror-fashion. The letters are well formed, and it is interesting to know that, until she wrote me, she had never practised this style of calligraphy, while she adds that it seems, nevertheless, to come most naturally to her.

Another point made clear by the correspondence is that many persons who have not tried to write in mirror-fashion find they can do so easily (with the right hand) when they make an effort to do so. One gentleman, a journalist and editor, sends me a letter, whereof one page is written in ordinary characters by the right hand, the other and opposite page being written by the left hand, *simultaneously*, in mirror-characters. This is a very interesting and novel production, I think. A sailmaker can also write simultaneously with both hands, the left hand writing mirror-fashion. A lady correspondent tells me that a once-celebrated spiritualistic lady medium could write with both hands, and wrote mirror-wise with her left—an obvious advantage to a person of her profession, although, had she been able to write ordinary characters correctly with her left hand (her right, no doubt, being watched during a séance), the gift would have been of greater service. The lady who writes of the medium adds, that Landseer and General Garfield could both draw and write with both hands, the left hand reversing the characters. Garfield said he had discovered this power when using the blackboard.

The literature of mirror-writing is not voluminous. My friend Dr. W. W. Ireland has collated the evidence regarding this practice in his interesting book "The Blot on the Brain." As an expert in psychological medicine, what Dr. Ireland has to say on the subject is interesting and instructive. Dr. Samuel Wilks, Buchwald, Erlenmeyer, Bianchi, and others have also contributed to our knowledge of the subject, chiefly, of course, from a medical point of view, and as the condition is represented in imbecile children, or in persons suffering from nervous diseases. Leonardo da Vinci was a mirror-writer. He suffered in later life from paralysis of his right hand. Using his left hand, the great painter fell into the habit of mirror-writing; thus once again illustrating the seemingly natural tendency which exists to write in this fashion with the left hand, as distinguished from the right.

Coming now to what explanation of the mirror-writing habit is possible to us, we may begin with the consideration that each half of the cerebrum (or great brain), wherewith we think and exercise our intellect, is divisible into two distinct halves or lobes. Each half of the cerebrum governs the *opposite* side of the body; so that, if paralysis affects the right side, we know it is the left lobe of the brain which is affected, and vice versa. Now, in ordinary life, it becomes clear that, as we are naturally right-handed, we are, therefore, naturally left-brained. All the complex acts we perform with the right hand are governed, controlled, and organised with the left half of the cerebrum. Further, such acts as are involved in speaking and writing are, in a right-handed person, controlled by the left hemisphere. This much we know from the study of the disease known as *aphasia*, in which a person who knows perfectly what is said to him cannot form words in reply, and has usually lost the power of writing words also. In such a person we find the speech-centres and writing-centres on the *left* side of the brain diseased or destroyed. When recovery from the aphasia takes place, and when, after death, the left speech-centres are seen to be destroyed, we adopt the view that the right speech-centres had come into use. This theory, of course, involves the notion that many centres in the right half of our brain exist, for ordinary persons, in a state of comparative uselessness. There is no reason to doubt the correctness of this idea. For the reason why we are not ambidexterous is that we do not, or cannot, use the two halves of our cerebrum equally. This may be a great pity and failing, but it is none the less a fact, for all that.

Supposing that, in our natural state of right-handedness, then, we habitually write from left to right, we may ask what is the condition of things when the right brain-centres come to be employed, as is the case when left-handed or mirror-writing is produced? Or, as Dr. Ireland puts it, if a double image is formed on the brain and sight-centres, is the image on the left brain a natural one, so to speak, and is that of the right brain reversed? Is the matter one of brain habits, distinguished as belonging to the right and left halves of the cerebrum respectively? These are questions difficult of solution, as things are. Yet it seems to me that, considering left-handed persons—imbecile children as well as sane children and adults—show a decided tendency to write mirror-wise over right-handed persons, we are right in assuming that the right brain does habitually reverse images when relatively uncontrolled by the action of the left half of the cerebrum. The fact that many of my correspondents allege that the left hand seems naturally to fall into the mirror-writing habit is in itself a significant hint that the right half of the brain really reverses the images. I can say nothing here of left-to-right characters, such as are seen in Etruscan, Hebrew, and Arab writings. These characters are not "reversed"; but it may well be that, as early calligraphists, these nations acquired the habit, such as it is, from a possibly more equable distribution of the powers of the two brain-lobes than now exists in civilised nations.

Operations have been begun for the construction of a tunnel 224 yards long, intended to carry the Glasgow Central Railway under the Royal Botanic Gardens of that city.

## BORES AND BEGGARS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Would that Cadmus, or Palamedes, or Prometheus—for they all claim the discovery—had never invented letters! This may seem a strange aspiration in a literary gent, who by aid of letters makes his bread and butter. But we, who scribble for our existence, scarcely know what a much better life was that of literary men before the alphabet. In place of struggling with pens which won't mark till the second or third time of asking, with paper which is not bald but hairy, with ink which blots your hands to the wrist, our literary forefathers, with a laurel bough or a lyre in their hands, recited poems which they had composed in their memories. Would that I had been a minstrel at the Court of some Thessalian king! My simple duty would have been to repeat my own verses after dinner, amid applause, a thing which never happens to us now. The chiefs would have presented me with cattle, and swords with silver handles in ivory sheaths, and with golden cups and purple mantles, and with accomplished and charming female slaves, valued at twenty oxen a head. These were the palmy days of literature. The poet was not expected to fight—"The minstrel boy to the wars has gone" could not be said of him. There were no minstrels in the camp at Troy: they were left at home, and particularly instructed to keep an eye on the ladies. This was unlucky for the poet who was expected to look after Clytemnestra when she fell in love with Ægisthus. She marooned the moral minstrel on a desert island. But there are many worse places than an island in the Ægean. No other poet was unkindly treated, and, when Odysseus came home and killed the other young men, he let the minstrel off. He hid under a bull's hide while the shooting was going on, knowing that battle was not his strong point. These were happy days: the minstrel had the best of everything, and, as long as he did not challenge the Muses to a singing match, no one had more reason to be contented. Then came the Phœnicians, with their letters, and all was changed sadly for the worse, at least as far as literary men are concerned. But the worst of the Phœnician invention is found in the letters that come by post. Could not Mr. Raikes appoint an official to read our letters before they reach us, and burn the majority, which are from Bores and Beggars? The bores are of many kinds, so are the beggars, who ask for every conceivable thing, from an autograph or a puff or a lock of hair to ready money for themselves, or for some totally idiotic philanthropic purpose. But, many as they are, a few blank forms might be printed which would meet every case, and of these I go on to give specimens. We might have books of blank forms for sale, like cheque-books, with a foil, on which to record the bore's or beggar's name, and the answer he received. Any stationer who will execute and supply these books will confer a great favour on the weary. Here are a few examples—

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ presents his compliments to \_\_\_\_\_, and regrets that he cannot furnish favourable reviews to order, nor notice any books sent to him by their authors.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that his engagements do not permit him to read and give an opinion upon MSS. sent to him by the authors, their aunts, or other friends or relations.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that \_\_\_\_\_ has heard he is "such a kind-hearted gentleman, and therefore, though a total stranger, takes the liberty of addressing him." Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, on the contrary, is a curmudgeon. He advises to apply to [here add name of intimate enemy].

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that he is forbidden by his medical advisers to write for school or other amateur magazines, or to lecture for anybody, either gratuitously or otherwise.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that he is at present forbidden by his medical advisers to dine with lord mayors, City companies, literary associations, or at charity dinners.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that he is under a vow, as a member of the Anti-Bore Association, never to supply any person with his autograph, and, being totally bald, cannot oblige with a lock of hair.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that his circumstances do not permit him to supply the clergy and others with gratuitous copies of his own works, accompanied by his autograph and a verse of his own poetry on the flyleaf.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ presents his compliments to Messrs. \_\_\_\_\_, photographers, and is sorry that it will be impossible for him to give them a sitting in the course of the next thirty years.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ is sorry that he cannot permit himself to be interviewed by the representative of the \_\_\_\_\_, as he is suffering from an infectious malady of a dangerous and chronic character.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ acknowledges, with thanks, \_\_\_\_\_'s kindness in forwarding his volume, \_\_\_\_\_, and anticipates much pleasure in its perusal.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ regrets that, from the many claims upon him at present, he is unable to

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ acknowledges \_\_\_\_\_'s kind inquiries, in answer to which he begs to state that he always smokes a hookah when at work; that he never rises before 4 p.m.; that his usual drink is lemon squash; that he is 6 ft. in height, weighs 12 stone, and does not object to the compulsory teaching of Greek.

A dozen slim books of these twelve formulæ, marked outside Charity, Autographs, Young Literary Person, Author with Books, Amateur Editor, Secretary of Institute, Photographer, City Company, Interviewer, and Miscellaneous Bores, could easily be printed, would be portable and handy, and the use of them would save much time, trouble, and temper. Others might be constructed for the benefit of statesmen and for snubbers in general. The idea is not copyright. I make a present of it to printers and stationers, and can vouch for a large and steady sale of the article. A secretary, wife, daughter, or other harmless drudge could easily and rapidly fill up the few unavoidable blanks for names, and so forth. Perhaps it would be as well to have the foils on thin card-board, ready stamped, like postal cards. The trouble of using envelopes would be avoided, and a halfpenny would be economised on each beggar and bore. Nor is this an inconsiderable sum in the course of the week. The mania for badgering the world in general has increased, is increasing, and, by the simple and rational method indicated, might be diminished. Two other formulæ, by the way, should be printed for the bore who asks for information on any subject, and for the other bore who offers it unasked. So simple and uniform is human nature that these few formulæ would meet the case of almost every kind of letter-writing bore.



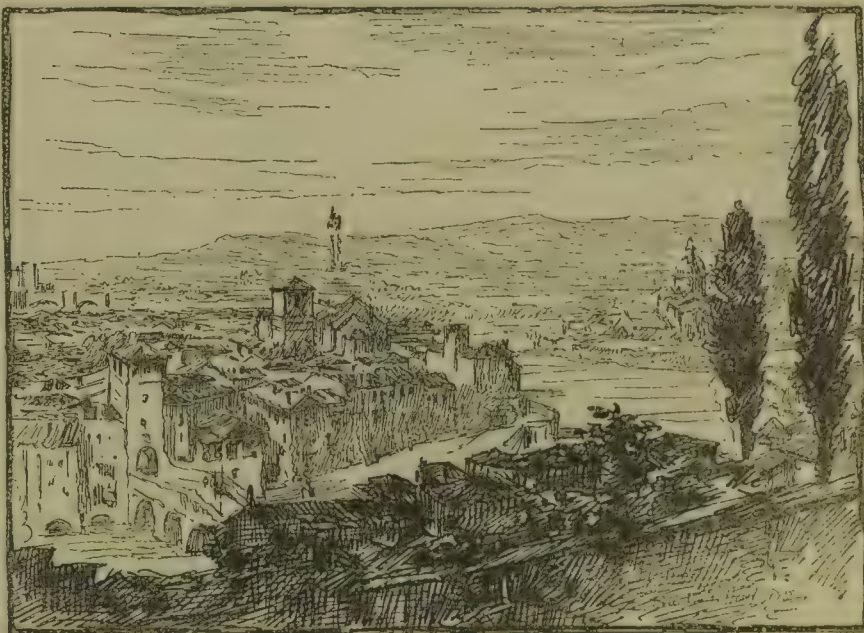
# THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The present exhibition may be said to show a more than ordinarily high level of technical facility and, in several instances, of delicate fancy. As exponents of the latter quality Mr. Alfred W. Hunt and Mr. Albert Goodwin stand out in marked pre-eminence: the former in such sympathetic work as the overcast study of "Robin Hood's Bay" (207), and the latter in the brilliantly graduated lights of "Lucerne and the Righi" (111). For reasons easily understood, Mr. A. W. Hunt has chosen to place his "Saltwick Bay" side by side with Mr. Goodwin's picture; and it must be admitted that in the treatment of the sunshine falling on the grassy headland, round which the summer sea is lazily lapping, the artist has boldly challenged the champion of Swiss scenery to show a more lovely spot. Close by, Mr. Goodwin has placed another of his brilliant imaginative scenes from the travels of Sindbad—"The Explorers of the Island of the Sounding Cymbals"—on which he has allowed himself a free hand in the treatment of sea and sky; but by a certain contradiction he is far less "romantic" in his setting of the story than in his rendering of the historic town of Rye under an angry storm-charged cloud, through which the rays of the setting sun make red rifts. Mr. A. W. Hunt gives us another and quite distinct treatment of "Windsor Castle" (98), a subject of endless variety in the hands of the artist, who can see more deeply and translate more truthfully the meaning of those walls than the most skilful camera operator. Another veteran among the members of the old Society is Mr. R. Thorne-Waite, who seldom fails to reveal the poetic side of English landscape, and displays a knowledge of Sussex and South-country atmosphere at all seasons which few surpass. His group of haymakers who have taken shelter under the heavy-leaved trees



"PICCADILLY."—H. M. MARSHALL.

can teach us the useful lesson that picturesqueness may be found where we too often see nothing but grime and toil. Mr. Thomas Rooke also comes very much to the front with his studies of street life; but he prefers the bright air and, stately buildings of old French towns—giving us some excellent transcripts of the magnificent cathedral of Troyes and its quaint streets and of its turrets and housetops. Mr. William Callow, it may be added, goes still farther afield, Frankfort and Malines affording him the most congenial subjects; but Mr. S. J. Hodson's "Verona" is more ambitious. Its expanse of mountains stretching away in the far distance, bathed in the soft light of an Italian evening, is among the most attractive of the foreign landscapes. Before leaving the painters of outdoor scenery and life, we should make mention of Mr. C. B. Phillip's winter study of "Ballater" (18) and his rendering of the narrows of "Loch Etive" (159) in the sharp, clear air of a spring evening; of Mr. Outhbert Rigby's "Rainbow Landscape" (171); and of Mr. George Fripp's "Head of Loch Avon" (110), already covered with the autumn snow.



"VERONA, FROM ST. PETER'S STEP."—SAMUEL J. HODSON.

The veteran President, Sir J. Gilbert, shows no signs of flagging power in his weird treatment of scenery and his spirited drawing of figures and horses. One can imagine the thoughts of his "Knight Errant" (65), gazing up towards the dark mountains, where in their recesses he hopes to rescue some captive damsel—or to do some deed of prowess which will win the smiles of his lady-love. "Duncan's Horses" (122), "the minions of their race," show an amount of wild fury and unchecked movement which would well justify Rosset's description of their escape. Mr. Carl Haag contributes a masterly rendering of "The

Buff" (199), a pretty scene, which an old Bonze is watching from a distance. For brilliancy, perhaps, Mr. Arthur Melville's impressions of a "Toledo Street Procession" (184) and of "Henley Regatta" (232) may compare with this work, but we doubt if public taste is sufficiently educated to appreciate the method by which his effects are obtained; the bright patches of colour against the white walls of the Spanish city are effective—but on the grey-blue water of the Thames the result is less successful. Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. H. Moore, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Poynter are also exhibitors, but their work offers no fresh features, and calls for no special mention on the present occasion.

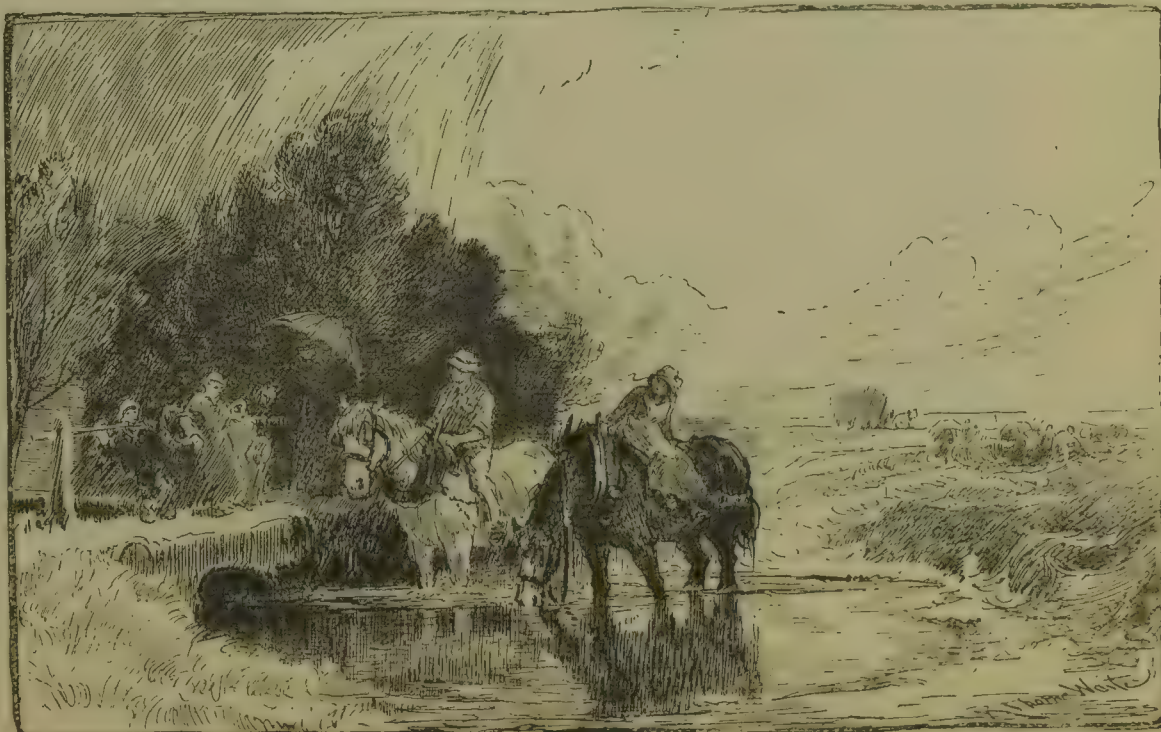


"THE KNIGHT ERRANT."—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

"Between the Showers" plays a natural but subordinate part in a bit of true summer landscape, of which he shows more than one interesting reminiscence. Mr. J. W. North's work, whether treating of spring or summer, is, as a rule, conceived in a more melancholy tone—as, for example, in the brown coppice beside the bit of grey-green grass (23), where some "Hermit of the Dale" may have loved to make his retreat. In the "Gleaners" (67), however, in which we have a view of the north coast of Somerset somewhere about Porlock, he has given us a more cheerful view of the West of England. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Five o'clock in the Morning" (51) and the "Last Load" (77) transport us to East Anglia, and the more sharply accentuated type of its peasantry and the brighter tints of its sky. With Mrs. Allingham, we can loiter beside the picturesque cottages of Surrey, which she depicts with almost laborious minuteness; or with Mr. George Fripp we may enjoy the soft lights of the Yorkshire moors which encircle the picturesque town of Richmond.

Scotland and Wales attract Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, who would almost bring us to believe that we may find in the "Pass of Llanberis" (142) and "Crib-Goch" (16) glories which are reserved for those who climb among the snow mountains of Switzerland, and he certainly possesses the power of restoring to such spots the grandeur of their glacial period. Mr. Birket Foster, for once, seems to be returning to a style which he had long forsaken; for his large picture of "Ben Nevis" is conceived in a very different spirit to his ordinary work. The foreground, with its shaggy cattle, is admirably rendered; but the attempt at atmospheric distance is scarcely so successful, and recalls too vividly the later works of Mr. Richardson—familiarised by the old process of chromolithography.

Mr. Herbert Marshall still holds his place as the most poetical transcriber of London street life, and finds in Piccadilly, as on the ice-covered Thames, scenes which should reconcile Londoners with their lot. He, at all events, can draw consolation and inspiration from our murky atmosphere, and



"BETWEEN THE SHOWERS."—R. THORNE-WAITE.





"FLOWERS."—AFTER E. TOUDOUZE.





HIS FIRST EASEL.

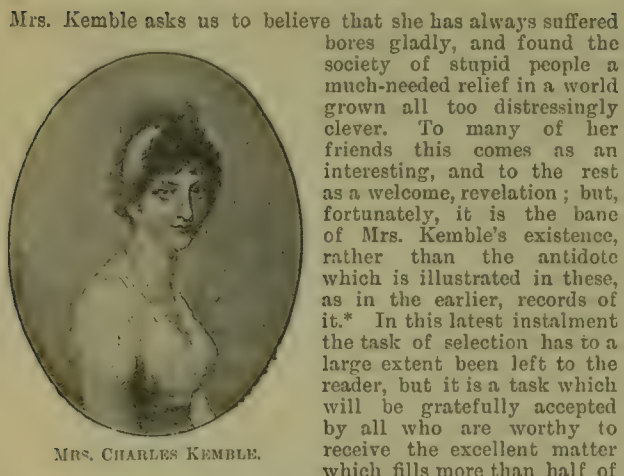
PICTURE BY RALPH HEDLEY, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



## LITERATURE.

## "OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP."

BY J. DYKES CAMPBELL.



MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE.

Mrs. Kemble asks us to believe that she has always suffered bores gladly, and found the society of stupid people a much-needed relief in a world grown all too distressingly clever. To many of her friends this comes as an interesting, and to the rest as a welcome revelation; but, fortunately, it is the bane of Mrs. Kemble's existence, rather than the antidote which is illustrated in these, as in the earlier, records of it.\* In this latest instalment the task of selection has to a large extent been left to the reader, but it is a task which will be gratefully accepted by all who are worthy to receive the excellent matter which fills more than half of the moderate bulk of the volumes. And even the skipping passages are not without their use—the use of the stupid people in the world, supplying a restful and harmonising background. The book is without order of date or subject, but is none the worse for that; and although there may be some "Old Woman's Gossip," the title under which the early memoirs appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, there is assuredly no "Elderly Female Twaddle"—the title Mrs. Kemble proposed to her publisher for the charming "Record of a Girlhood." Two engraved portraits are given—one of Mrs. Kemble herself, from a painting by Sully, which is a little too much in the "Keepsake" manner to be quite satisfactory; the other (which we have taken the liberty of reproducing here), altogether pleasing, of Mrs. Charles Kemble, the brilliant, versatile Miss De Camp, whose grace and piquancy mingled so happily with the heavier Kemble metal in both her daughters.

In these days, when a cleverish "walking gentleman" is rewarded with fifty pounds a week, it is curious to read of Mrs. Siddons being contented in her palmiest days with thirty; this being also the guerdon of her niece when she took the town by storm, and saved the fortunes of Covent-Garden. Mrs. Kemble certainly attained a maximum of forty pounds; but this, she tells us, with native frankness, declined to fifteen before the happy thought of reading instead of acting plays came to her. It was, indeed, a happy thought, for the readings were not only much more profitable, but infinitely more pleasant to the artist. The acting, it would appear, never gave any pleasure at all to Mrs. Kemble, and for the profession she cherished and cherishes "a feeling of contempt and dislike"—a strange feeling, it will be thought, to find lodgment in the breast of a Kemble, and especially of a Kemble whose success on the native heath was not unworthy of the best traditions of the family. But it is not hard, after all, to understand. Mrs. Fanny Kemble is of too individual a nature, has too much force and too little pliancy of character, to make it easy for her to absorb and render the thoughts and emotions of another with that entire abandonment which is of the essence of acting. This amply accounts for the dislike; and for the abiding "contempt" some reasons are given. Acting, we are assured, fosters fictitious emotion, to the destruction of the capacity for the true, and weakens self-control. Southern people, having more vivid imaginations and greater sensibility, can be natural both on and off the stage; but with actors of Northern race it is different. The unreality of acting impresses Mrs. Kemble as if it were the same as insincerity, and she cannot away with the dramatic element in legal advocacy and in preaching. It may be, she holds, injurious in the former, and must be in the latter. She would not have cared to hear a sermon from Julian Young, "who was essentially and by nature an actor," and something of the same kind is broadly hinted of the persuasive Bishop Wilberforce.

But Mrs. Kemble was always much more than a successful actress and reader, and the charm of this book, as of its predecessors, is that it reveals some of the author's infinite variety. The poet survives, and reappears in the prose descriptions of natural phenomena, eminently in a remarkable account of an ascent of Vesuvius, and the philosophic observer is seen in not a few epigrams. Of the modern disease—which is self-consciousness, and calls itself introspection—she says, "Self-examination may be a good thing, but self-forgetfulness is a better." There are some notable sketches of friends and contemporaries. Of Carlyle, Mrs. Kemble was, from the first, a devoted admirer; and when the prophet was past eighty, but still denunciatory, she soothed his vexed breast by singing old Scotch ballads to him. Mrs. Carlyle did not find so much favour. The account of Charles Greville (who, with his mother and brother, Mrs. Kemble knew intimately) is full of interest. Greville gave her some of the earliest volumes of his "Diary" to read, and she was much amused to find entries regarding her youthful self, very personal and not very complimentary. These call forth the characteristic reflection, "When he wrote them he did not know me, and when he knew me he knew how perfectly indifferent they would be to me." "On my telling him one day when I had had an inordinate dose of it [personal gossip] that I did not care for it, he exclaimed, with unfeigned amazement, 'Good gracious! what do you care for, then?'" Better even than the account of Greville is that of Lord Houghton. Slight as it is, it gives an intimate impression of the man, for, although Mrs. Kemble "never felt any great interest in his society," she knew him familiarly from his college days, and knew him in his own world, which has an atmosphere of its own, indispensable to true perspective. Thackeray is recalled only to receive a blessing pronounced in fervent protest against a stupid, self-satisfied world which misapprehends the keen observers who write its natural history. "I have heard Thackeray condemned repeatedly as cynical, hard, and bitter, and know that he was one of the tenderest-hearted, compassionate souls that ever lived." It is pleasant, too, to read of another of the Cambridge friends of Mrs. Kemble's brother—the brother whom Tennyson hailed as a "latter Luther"—Edward Fitzgerald, who, when there was a "reading" at Woodbridge, rose and bowed as Mrs. Kemble stepped on to the platform, leading the whole roomful to follow his courteous example with embarrassing unanimity. And among much more that is welcome there is frequent and always friendly record of Mrs. Procter, whose brilliant personality had so much in common with Mrs. Kemble's own, and whose deprecation of a formal biography has been interpreted somewhat too strictly by her literary friends.

\* Further Records. By Frances Anne Kemble. Two vols. London: R. Bentley and Son.

## BECKFORD'S "VATHEK" AND "TRAVELS."

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

Beckford was an intellectual epicure, and his "History of the Caliph Vathek" and "European Travels" (Minerva Library: Ward, Lock, and Co.) are food for epicures. It is something of an experiment to reproduce works of such exceptional literary quality as the "Travels" in a popular series. We can only trust that the million will appreciate as it ought the access now afforded to a book whose singular fate it has been, after slumbering in the author's desk for forty years, to meet with an enthusiastic reception upon its tardy publication, and then to be consigned to comparative oblivion for sixty years more. Should its present appearance be as successful as the first, it may fairly claim to rank among books, not for an age, but for all time—a distinction seldom achieved by travels, but which these fully merit by their perfect reflection of the idiosyncrasy of their extraordinary author, no less than by their remarkable descriptive intensity. They are a gallery of vignettes, socially as well as artistically interesting as taken upon the very verge of the dissolution of the old social order of Europe, and particularly vivid when referring to Spain and Portugal, the countries where this order then seemed most stable and has proved most precarious. The eighteenth century lives again for us in Beckford's pages, and the claims of this edition are greatly enhanced by the restoration of the passages of fantastic imagination which he capriciously suppressed when he gave his manuscript to the world. All his popularity has hitherto been derived from "Vathek," judiciously reprinted along with the "Travels." Everybody, to be sure, has read it, but everybody will be glad to read it again. It is the one Eastern tale of Western composition which it would have been no surprise to have found in the "Arabian Nights," and which has taken a place in popular estimation alongside of Aladdin and Ali-Baba.

## "JANET."

*A Sensitive Plant.* By F. and D. Gerard. Three vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Shy humility and timidity in a little Scottish maiden, Janet, the daughter of Sir Alec Sinclair, an arrogant, pedantic, absurd old baronet, engages our natural compassion. This girl, whose emblem is the mimosa or sensitive plant that cannot flourish around the useless sundial in the ill-tended garden, has, nevertheless, a romantic destiny, beset with severe trials of her faithful affections. Her brother Robert, addicted to drinking with gamekeepers and fighting with poachers, is driven by the father's harshness to leave his home. He returns from India, after four years, with their neighbour, Captain Cairnbro Chichester, a distinguished officer and tiger-hunter, who has unexpectedly inherited the grand Cairnbro estate. Janet innocently falls in love with this stately hero. She finds a note from a man named Dixon, master of the ship Calypso, threatening to kill "the gentleman lately returned from India," in revenge for cruelly killing Dixon's son. So she is tortured for months, at home and abroad, with fear that Cairnbro Chichester is going to be murdered. He is meantime in Paris, entangled in the snares of an artful foreign adventuress, Madame Igalfy, who seeks to catch him for Olympe, her lovely daughter. Then all the persons concerned assemble in Venice; the palaces, the canals, the gondolas, the lagoons, are copiously described. Startling incidents disturb the party. The shy and sensitive young lady, by her self-devotion in the cause of Chichester's safety, reveals her secret love, which he is now disposed to return. Although a well-meaning story, it fails in likelihood of events and actions.

## MR. FRASER RAE'S NEW NOVEL.

*An American Duchess: a Pendant to "Miss Bayle's Romance."* By W. Fraser Rae. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—Recollections of that bright and amusing story in which the charms of an American young lady—frank, high-spirited, and intelligent as they mostly are—with the further advantage of her being the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Ezra Bayle, a typical dollar millionaire, whose wealth might be piled to millions sterling, achieved her matrimonial conquest at Monte Carlo, dispose the reader to cheerful acceptance of a narrative sequel. Alma Bayle, since she married Lord Plowden Eton, then a mere younger son of one of the highest rank of British nobility, has by the death of his elder brother gained the title of Marchioness of Slough, and in the course of this family history becomes no less a personage than the Duchess of Windsor. We are happy to say that neither she nor her husband, a worthy, honest, sensible English gentleman, is at all spoiled by their social promotion. Her Grace retains the vivacity of the American feminine character in youth, with occasional lapses into the colloquial usages of her nation, yet has sufficiently acquired the dignity of a grand English matron. Other persons reappear, after ten years, in whom the reader was before interested. Mr. and Mrs. Bayle, formerly of Chicago, are now resident in London; he still devoted to schemes of grasping financial contrivance; his wife's limited mental capacity divided between fidgety care for her own imaginary ailments and fond exultation at her daughter's exalted position. Rupert Wentworth, the Bostonian of fastidious taste and culture, who has travelled, studied at Heidelberg, and begun to write a philosophical treatise, but has suffered grief by the death of a French girl he was about to marry, is compelled in middle age to return to America, that he may retrieve his fortune, imperilled by the mismanagement of a mining concern. A person next or equal in prominence, Mr. Vincent O'Lorrequer, M.P., may be recognised as the type of a known group of politicians of questionable earnestness—London-bred Irish gentlemen socially independent, affecting lofty enthusiasm for Home Rule, and consorting with extreme fanatics or desperate conspirators, while personally cherishing the favour of English aristocratic and Conservative acquaintance.

But neither these individual figures nor the others here introduced have to perform fresh actions powerfully affecting the happiness of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Their domestic prosperity seems above the reach of fate until, at the close of the story, the kind-hearted American Duchess is by sudden illness taken from the world. Parliamentary and electioneering incidents, quite up to the most recent date, are sketched in a style reminding us of Disraeli's; and it is obvious that certain of our contemporaries are meant by "the Leader of the Opposition," Lord Hatfield the Premier, Mr. Birmingham, and Lord Reginald Woodstock. But most of the persons are fictitious, though possibly representative of classes. It is not probable, and would not be desirable, that Mr. Atlas, a poet, novelist, and journalist, should have got a peerage for his literary merits. The tour of their Graces in the United States and Canada, accompanied by Mr. Wentworth, affords opportunity for a renewed exhibition of the amenities or impertinences of vulgar pushing journalism, with its interviewing reporters and fulsome editorial remarks. We all live and learn, but travellers learn the most; yet it is astounding to be told of any place on earth where any men exist capable of smoking cigars while drinking champagne. Even at home in London, the manners and conversation of some of the

men whom the Duke is accustomed to meet are unduly inferior to those of the Duke himself. Not much esteem can be felt for Captain Roker, the bragging social impostor, with his fabulous tales of Indian tiger-hunts and the blatant ferocity of his Tory tirades. But his daughter Isba wins enough sympathy to engage the reader's interest in Wentworth's final choice of an amiable youthful bride.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The most important book of the week is Mr. George Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors." Its first and second chapters will be counted among the most bewildering of Mr. Meredith's writings, but with the third one becomes interested in "Old Veuve," as in the "Egoist" one is attracted by a remarkable dissertation on "An aged and a great wine." The most enthusiastic of total abstinences will, perhaps, be conciliated, although not, of course, convinced, by Mr. Meredith's artistic treatment of the subject.

It is a curious thing that the party of temperance has not yet added a great total-abstinence novel to English fiction. Two very sensational stories on behalf of the cause which were all the vogue twenty years ago—one by Mrs. Henry Wood—are now practically dead, and the total abstinences still lack an artist with the pen as effective as Cruikshank with the pencil. This, it may be said, is because no great novel can be written with a purpose. But it may be anticipated that some day a reclaimed drunkard who is also a man of genius will reproduce his experiences with startling vividness.

An uncut copy of Thackeray's "Virginians," in the original boards, was sold at Sotheby's the other day for £30. No doubt (says a correspondent of the *Daily News*) its value was immensely enhanced by the circumstance that it contained the following inscription in the handwriting of the author—

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions  
All people have a right to their opinions,  
And many don't much relish "The Virginians,"  
Peruse my book, dear Sir, and if you find it  
A little to your taste, I hope you'll find it.

Peter Rackham, Esq., with the best regards of the Author.

Those who take an interest in Dr. Johnson and his times—and among students of English letters they are legion—will be interested to learn that, before this year closes, there are likely to be two volumes, published at the Clarendon Press, of Johnson's "Letters." These "Letters" will be edited by Dr. G. B. Hill, whose edition of "Boswell"—"six volumes of solid happiness"—proves how well qualified he is for the task. The books will be uniform with the "Boswell," and contain references thereto and other notes. The letters will be six or seven hundred in number, and include at least sixty never before published, but none already to be found in "Boswell." Everyone knows Johnson's "open letter" to Lord Chesterfield. Is it not sometimes used on speech-days at public schools, and in volumes of "specimens" and "extracts"? But readers of the other and more private letters already published will expect great things from these two volumes. Yet what can exceed in interest Johnson's letter to his dying mother, or that other and very different one to the lady who asked Johnson to get her son, whom he had never seen, sent to the University through the good offices of an archbishop, whom he did not know?

It seems, after all, as if Pierre Loti were going to succeed to Octave Feuillet's vacant seat in the French Academy. Emile Zola's turn will not come yet awhile, for he is not likely to obtain during the approaching election more than six or eight votes. The Duc d'Aumale, Renan, and Dumas fils have, however, promised him their suffrages. Pierre Loti is both too proud and indolent to pay the forty regulation begging visits. Still, his fame is, perhaps, all the greater on that account, and the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" and "Mon Frère Yves" ought certainly to take a place among the Immortals. *En attendant*, M. Zola has gone off to Belfort and Sedan, with a view to gathering together materials for his forthcoming novel "La Guerre," which bids fair to be the most powerful study his pen will ever have produced, for in 1870-71 the author turned soldier, and tasted fire on more than one occasion. One of the principal characters in "La Guerre" will be an ambulance doctor, drawn, it is said, from life, a souvenir of M. Zola's work in the ambulances during the siege of Paris.

The well-known French caricaturist Pilotelle is compiling an extensive work on Marat, which, comprising, as it is meant to do, all the portraits and lampoons published of the illustrious member of La Montagne, to say nothing of every document relating to Charlotte Corday, will probably be one of the most interesting mementoes of the great Revolution ever published. Anent Revolutionary relics, M. Charles Cousin, the well-known collector, has just presented Robespierre's portfolio to the Carnavalet Museum in Paris. It was this shabby black leather case, lined with coarse twill, which held the lists of the unhappy victims doomed by him each day to the guillotine. Marat's name and qualifications, neatly stamped on the flap in gold characters, are still plainly visible.

Queen Nathalie of Serbia is going to add shortly to the already long list of royal authors, and will take the public yet further into her confidence than she has yet done, in a volume to be published by Dentu, entitled "Mémoires de Nathalie, Reine de Serbie." The lady writes excellent French, and is a picturesque graphic letter-writer. In any case, a *succès de scandale* is sure to attend the work.

*New Books and New Editions.*—"One of Our Conquerors," by George Meredith, 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall); "London Past and Present: Its History, Associations, and Traditions," by Henry B. Wheatley, based upon "The Handbook of London" of Peter Cunningham, 3 vols. (John Murray); "New Light on Dark Africa," by Dr. Carl Peters, Translated by Dr. Dulcken (Ward and Lock); "History of Modern Civilisation," A Handbook based upon M. Gustav Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation" (Chapman and Hall); "Noughts and Crosses," by "Q." (Cassell); "Personal Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by Henry Lake (Cassell); "A Short History of Greek Philosophy," by John Marshall (Percival and Co.); "There and Back," by George Macdonald, 3 vols. (Kegan Paul and Co.); "Admiral Lord Collingwood," by W. Clark Russell (Methuen); "On the Making and Issuing of Books," by Charles Thomas Jacobi (Elkin Mathews); "Golf and Golfers, Past and Present," by J. Gordon McPherson (W. Blackwood and Sons); "Memoir and Letters of Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, Inventor," by R. W. Burnie (John Murray); "The Eight Hours Day," by Sidney Webb, LL.B., and Harold Cox, B.A. (Walter Scott); "Essays on French Novelists," by George Saintsbury (Percival and Co.); "The Coming Terror, and other Essays and Letters," by Robert Buchanan (William Heinemann).



## "A GIRL IN THE KARPATHIANS."

BY MENIE MURIEL DOWIE.

It is strange to think that a week's leisurely journey, by way of Frankfort, Vienna, Cracow, Lemberg, and Kolomyja, should bring you to so curious a corner of the world as the south-eastern part of the Carpathian range, and among such a remarkable people as the Huculs (Hutsuls) who live there, and have lived there unchanged since before the occupation of Eastern Galicia by the Romans.

The reason so little is known of these mountains—the Black Mountains, to translate their local name—is that they are not sufficiently remote and difficult of access: their rocky peaks do not present unheard-of difficulties to the climber, and so, armed with rope and ice-axe, he passes them over for something worthy of his steel; or, if he wishes to visit the Carpathians at all, he goes to the Tatra Mountains, at the north-western extremity of the chain.

For another reason of the same sort, my mountains—if I dare call them so—are neglected by the tourist who desires merely air, and beautiful surroundings. Austrian and Polish pleasure-seekers resort infallibly to the Tatra Mountains, where they find the snowy crags, lone lakes, and wild waterfalls which compose the regulation grand scenery. They find also an amiable Polish peasantry to act as guides, carve souvenir paper-cutters, and assist meekly at the erection of a band-stand, which is, in the minds of many, the necessary supplement to that enterprising swallow who tries, for ever vainly, to "make a summer."

The tourist and the climber are to be commended for their preference. A lady, who obtained my address through my



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publishers, wrote to inquire if I had found the hotels comfortable and the tariffs moderate; also, whether the food and drainage were good, and if I could oblige her with particulars as to respectable people who let rooms in the villages. Since replying, regretfully, that there were no hotels, no tables-d'hôte, no respectable letters of rooms, that I frequently slept out of doors at night, and that meat, bread, beer, wine, and vegetables were almost always unobtainable, I have been persuaded that the locality in which I passed my summer would not be suited to the average tourist.

And as to climbers: what is the good of a mountain, if you can go up it on a horse; a mountain which does not provide glaciers, snow slopes, and opportunities for dizzy rope-work, which is, in fact, not more than 7000 ft. high?

It was May when I left Paris, and, although I loitered agreeably across Europe, June was but just begun when I arrived in Kolomyja (Kolomena), which might be called a stone's-throw from the frontier of Southern Russia. My intention was to select a couple of good horses at the outset and ride in an aimless way from village to village, stopping for just as long as I pleased in any that took my fancy. There comes in the advantage of being alone. You have no one's better pleasure to consult, and there is never the slightest obligation to do what you do not like. "Having your own way" is supposed to pall after a time. I cannot conceive this possible so long as one continues to know what one wants—so long, in fact, as one has a distinct way.

I had taken a side-saddle, and my mountaineering costume included a skirt, which I habitually wore, except when actually mounted; for I found that my saddle would fit none of the little horses, and I had either to ride on a peasant's wooden saddle, astride, as the Hucul women rode, or bare-back. But to anyone who really cares for riding it cannot matter at all in what position they pursue it, and I have no opinion as to which way is safest and best.

It was the riding, and the knowledge that the Huculs were the only riding mountaineers in Europe, save a kindred tribe in the Caucasus, that attracted me so very much to this part of the Carpathians; and, although I did not follow my original plan and retain the same horses all the time, I made all my journeys with a couple, and the man who owned them would always come too, and served as my attendant. The scenery was, when we got into the high mountains, quite wild enough, and characteristic only of itself. On the lower slopes, the pine-trees and brawling streams recalled the West Highlands, but once among the black creeping fir, the scarlet rhododendron, and the whortleberry bushes, the Black Mountains ceased to remind me of anything I had seen before. There is a legend which insists that the Carpathians were "raised by the Devil and beautified by Christ," and a verification of this is supposed to be apparent in the "mingled terror and loveliness" of the landscape. I am quoting an author who has made that part of the world his especial study. For my part, the legends and the romance that appealed most to me were those which went back to a



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day before men had learned the story of creation, to a day when Pagan gods and goddesses were worshipped by those warrior Huculs. The highest tops of the mountains, though not always icy and snow-covered, are made fearsome not only by the bears and wolves which inhabit them, but—if the peasants are to be believed—by the wild women, the "Majkas," who act the part of Lorelei to the poor herds pasturing their cattle on the windy Poloninas, as the grassy shoulders are called. The fiercest rivers I have ever seen come rushing down the mountain valleys with rocks and pine-trees lining the way, and rafts made of the pine-stems are at their mercy, for, save for the rivers, the magnificent timber would never leave the mountains. Quiet spots, however, are occasionally to be found, and I remember a favourite bathing-place of mine where the river came deep and silent past a sheer rock with pine-trees broken and hanging from its crest. Below, the water had that light translucent green shade of which Black has told the untravelled world, the green of the sea upon the white beaches in Iona.

But no trees, mountains, flowers, or rivers can be so interesting as the people who lived among them. I am sorry that I can show no sketch of a really typically handsome Hucul man: he would stand six feet in his cow-hide sandals, he would be dressed in the white linen blouse and trousers which look so clean and fresh, upon his shoulders he would wear the Kiptar, the richly embroidered sheepskin jacket which can be seen upon this pretty girl going with her wooden pitcher to the well. And below his wide-brimmed black felt hat his straight dark hair would be cut in the Byzantine manner, falling rather long upon his neck and low upon the forehead, over his "falcon face." Such is a really fine mountaineer, as you see him standing by his two little Arab-like horses. It is possible that his foot-deep belt of stiff leather hides the two pistols without which no Hucul went abroad thirty years ago: on the other hand, he may have only his queer brass-handled knife and his neat little leather bag for tobacco, with tiny brass thimbles hanging from it as a decoration.

For a warrior people—and the Huculs love so to regard themselves—they have very gentle natures, and I found none the least aggressive; the true sweet-melancholy of the Slav is in all their faces, even though their characters be rough and their natures very uncivilised. One little boy, "Iwan," to whom I became much attached, had the most lovable and affectionate spirit possible. He would sit upon the corner of the big white stove, reading one-syllabled words out of a Ruthenian primer by the half-hour together, and inside his little linen blouse he carried a cardboard box which contained a stump of pencil and some letters upon a piece of paper as a "copy."

The peasants treated me with great friendliness, and whenever I arrived in a village would come and call in a spirit of politeness that was not tinged by ingenuous curiosity. Just knocking upon my door they would enter, making the sign of



READY FOR THE ROAD.

the cross, and saying "Slawa!" the abbreviated form of their beautiful greeting "Glory to Christ!"; then they would walk round me, carefully examining everything I had on, touching any of my belongings that interested them, and gazing with frank interest into my embarrassed face.

Perceiving that this was a native custom, I adopted it, visiting them in my turn, and sitting about their huts with pencil and paper, usually taking away a reminiscence of the scene in some shape or other for the volume I am about to publish. Being alone was—it nearly always is—an immense advantage. I was able to mix more freely among the people, and they felt it a sort of duty to amuse and interest me. Altogether I can only regret the shortness of my stay.

When I came home, and said I had been to "Ruthenia," no one knew what I was talking about, and I began to wonder where I had been, and what nation really had entertained me: therefore, if my book serve no other purpose, it will at any rate have served to persuade me finally of where I was and who I really saw, and, considering the pitiable confusion into which popular argument and public discussion, not forgetting private query, have thrown my mind, I may be forgiven for choosing such an expensive medium for my own enlightenment, and for requesting a callous world to assist.

The work is neither a book of travel nor a tale of adventure—at least, I think not. Of the few books of travel I have ever read only one impressed me: it was called "The Swiss Family Robinson," and I know that my experiences did not resemble theirs, for I did not come upon potatoes planted in rows in a spot where no man's foot had ever trod, or anything at all paralleling this gratifying discovery. Then, about adventure: few stories of adventure are written nowadays, because it is not thought respectable to have adventures, and people possess, in general, enough education to avoid having them, and nearly always enough discretion to avoid talking of them when they do have them. For all that, there is a recognised, authenticated recipe for constructing an adventure. I



IWAN.

know enough about it to feel sure of this, though, as no one ever handed me that recipe, and as I never found it for myself, it is not surprising that I should never have come across a single genuine breath-stopping, hair-raising adventure.

Nine—and, such as they are, they are to be found in the book—were always overburdened with the element of clear escape: if it was water, you had only to get out; if it was a horse, you had to sit him, or you could step off; if it was a cold wind on the mountains, or a ponderous flattening rain, you had to turn your collar up, hug yourself, and think what fun it would be to sit round the fire and make the people at home laugh about it; if it was a lack of dinner, you had to smile and tell the old wolf hunger that you had seen him before, and found his sharp tooth unimpressive.

Now, anyone must know that that isn't real adventure when you see your pathway clear: in the good bona-fide adventure, there must always come a moment of which you say to your public, "What was I to do?" in a baffled tone, and no answer must be forthcoming. That is the test you can apply to an incident to see if it is going to be an adventure or not: without it—without this question looming up forcibly in the immediate horizon—it is no adventure.

This is not written in any spirit of apology, only with a view to offering a straightforward statement at the outset. If I have not the Icarian temperament, if I prefer spending a hot mid-summer morning watching some pretty girl a-spinning, to courting single-handed encounter with a bear upon a mountain, I am not called upon to apologise, only to warn you of my unenterprising tastes.

There being but little travel and small adventure, what is to be looked for? Well, nothing but some plain descriptions of what came within my line of sight. It was sometimes my pleasure, when a scene much appealed to me, to sit outside it for ten minutes and look on—as through a window—while I put down with pen or pencil the impression received. In most cases, nothing has been taken away from these sketches; in few has anything, save commas, been added.

It is quite certain that anyone having been in these mountains before will have seen differently, as it is certain that any one going there again will so see. All that is claimed is that I have been faithful to my observation: nothing has been written because it might easily have been the case and would make a chapter look pretty. All I have said is true—for me. And if it please, amuse, distract, interest, or rouse to good wholesome violence anyone at all, this record of long, quiet, aimless summer days will not have failed entirely.



MY ATTENDANT.





MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY, IN 1889.

*From our Special Artist and Correspondent.*





MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY, IN 1890.

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## MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY.

The recent visit of the Iron and Steel Institute to the United States has drawn attention to the great mineral wealth of North America. Among the Middle States, Kentucky and Tennessee appear to invite the introduction of British capital. Four years ago an English company, the American Association (Limited), was formed to acquire a large area of coal and iron lands in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gap. Less than two years ago the first steps were taken towards building a city, which has already acquired a considerable reputation under the name of "Middlesborough," in Kentucky. In May 1889 the inhabitants numbered about fifty: they are now some 7000, and, if the calculations of those interested in the undertaking are verified, the next two years will see these numbers increased four or five fold. Our first Illustration shows the site of the future city in 1889; our second is a panoramic view of the town in November 1890.

The property of the American Association now extends to about 100,000 acres around the city; and with regard to a large proportion of this area we learn, on the authority of experts of high standing, that it contains, on the north side of Cumberland Gap, immense quantities of coal, while on the south side of the Gap are extensive deposits of iron ores. The coal-seams underlie the mountains, which completely surround the city, above the water-level; and the coal can therefore be worked from adit levels, without the necessity of any sinking. The iron ores can in like manner be worked from the surface. Numerous and careful tests have proved, not only that the coal and iron ores exist in almost illimitable quantities, but that the quality is excellent for making iron and steel, while the immediate proximity of the coal to the iron is of great importance to the question of economical production.

The surrounding country is picturesque, being well wooded and undulating, and the climate is excellent. At Cumberland Gap, the junction of the three great States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, we recognise a geographical centre of great interest in the industrial, social, and political history of the United States. About a hundred and twenty-five years ago the restless spirit of progress and settlement urged the inhabitants of the great New World to advance beyond the barrier of the mountains hitherto set by the Alleghany mountain range; and Benjamin Franklin, in those days, urged his colleagues to construct and maintain a road across the mountains, by way of Cumberland Gap, into the fertile and hitherto untrodden regions of Kentucky and Ohio. This route was chosen, in the mind of Franklin, because of the ease with which a road could be made up the Indian and buffalo trails, which for ages previous had led over the Gap from the sea to the great Mississippi valley. Again, we find that Daniel Boone, the leader of the Kentucky pioneers, chose the route over Cumberland Gap as the means of passage for himself and his friends and associates between the old and new settlements; and Boone tells, in picturesque language, of the beauty and magnificence of the route. For years after Boone first trod the way the Cumberland Gap route was known as the Great Wilderness Road; and until the time of the American Civil War this road was used as the chief artery of commerce between the Southern and the Western States. In the days when slavery flourished in Georgia and Alabama and the Carolinas, the great supplies of mules, cattle, hogs, corn, and wheat, needed for the busy population of those States, were carried over and passed through Cumberland Gap. It can be seen to-day that the traffic was enormous, for at places on the mountain-side where the road passes through a sandstone ledge the very rock itself has been worn into a wide rut, as one might say, from 8 ft. to 10 ft. deep. Following Boone, we read of the repeated attempts of the late John C. Calhoun, of Southern fame, to induce the Governments of the various States between Charleston, South Carolina, and Cincinnati, Ohio, to build a railroad through Cumberland Gap. Many a time, delegates from the various States met together to discuss this projected scheme, and, but for the jealousies engendered by so great an enterprise, this railroad would have been constructed, the first in the Southern States. To beget so much interest, and to secure these repeated efforts, Cumberland Gap must have had uncommon natural and commercial attractions.

In a military point of view, also, this noted Gap was famous. It appears that the first message delivered to Congress by Lincoln after his election to the Presidency recommended the construction of a military railroad through Cumberland Gap. This suggestion, unfortunately, was not acted upon; but, nevertheless, at the outbreak of the war Cumberland Gap was at once seized by the Confederates, and held as a great strategic point. There was not much fighting in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gap during the rebellion; but the fortunes of war changed its ownership several times, and it was held in turn by Confederate and Federal. The remains of the military works now existing on the mountain slopes indicate the value of the position from a military standpoint. Very many are the redoubts, forts, batteries, and rifle-pits. But the ravages of the war changed the whole aspect of Southern commerce and development; and, when things regained their normal condition, new railroads, running parallel with the great mountain range, east and west of it, drew away, for the time being, the traffic of the Cumberland Gap route.

The story of the iron manufacture of Cumberland Gap and region is like the tale just told of the divergence of its traffic. The first furnaces built south of the Ohio River were constructed in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gap. There are the remains of six of these old ironworks within a distance of sixty miles. Iron ore was abundant, labour cheap, and the demand good. These furnaces flourished and made good iron, until railroads, with their facilities, and the importation of Norway iron, created a competition which finally threw the country ironworks, with their long distances of haulage, out of the market. It is curious to see the remains of these old, and in their time prosperous, works, side by side, as it were, with the great modern iron plants of this age, as in the Watts Middlesborough Ironworks. To-day a new era of iron-making has begun, and it has the advantage over the old of all modern railroad facilities and of the newest labour-saving and manufacturing devices.

For now, in these very days, the spirit of progress and commerce has once more revived the glories and the advantages of Cumberland Gap. Now we have the great mountain pierced by a tunnel, railroads projected from the west and north, east and south, like the rays of a star. These railroads have opened up the magnificent resources of nature, rich almost beyond comparison in coal, iron, and forest. Where once the Indians from the pinnacle of Cumberland Gap viewed a sunrise over four States, and saw nothing but endless and trackless forest, stretching east and west, north and south, in green undulations, we can now see in the valleys around the Gap villages and towns springing up as if by magic, and hear in every direction the noise of steam machinery. In fact, a nucleus of population and manufacture, based upon the salubrity of the climate, the magnificent stores of coal, iron, and timber, and the far-reaching railroad systems, has established itself at Cumberland Gap. It has its Middlesborough, its Harrogate, its Cumberland Gap Park, its Arthur and its

Hamilton Springs, which, as the months and years go by, will be added to and increased abundantly. This favoured region seems to possess what has been denied many another place. In the new Southern development a pattern industrial city must have a mixture of ores and local fuel in abundance. It must also have other industries, not dependent upon one metal alone, but furnishing inducements for a varied industry. It must have many different lines of transportation, reaching out to the markets of the United States, and it must be an object for railroad lines to reach the city. Lastly, it must have the opportunities for pleasure—the capitalist and the working-man must be comfortable. Where such a place exists, nature has done almost everything, and is only waiting for the careful business man to work out the rest of the problem. Middlesborough seems to possess the greatest number of the best qualifications, and will lead all the southern industrial centres, if the development of natural resources is pushed, in proportion to the already marvellous growth of the city.

## CHESS.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—Many thanks. It is scarcely necessary to say they are welcome.

W. BARRETT (Clementon).—Problem duly to hand. We trust to be more fortunate in our examination this time.

E. WHITE (Durham).—If you apply to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Telford Rectory, Horncastle, or Mr. H. W. Butler, 43, Gardner Street, Brighton, you will probably get the desired information. We have no copy of such rules ourselves.

H. F. L. MEYER.—Your clever problem appears in the present Number.

Dr. F. ST.—Mr. Frankenstein's problem deserves your praise.

Problems received with thanks from Mrs. Baird, Miss Lillian Baird, H. E. Kidson, H. F. L. Meyer, A. C. Jonas, A. Newman, and J. W. G. Ten Hones.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2446 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2447 from C. W. Von Alten (Wyoming) and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry; of No. 2448 from C. W. Von Alten; of No. 2450 from Dr. F. St.; of No. 2451 from Arthur Church, J. Gaskin, E. G. Boys, and W. H. Reed (Liverpool); of No. 2452 from C. E. Perugini, W. H. Reed, E. G. Boys, Cheshuntensis, D. Watson, W. Barrett, J. Wesley, E. J. Hawkins, W. Rigby, J. C. Ireland, W. Hanrahan (Rush), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. B. Tibbits, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), T. G. (Ware), and Odham Club.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2453 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E. H. Thomas Chown, A. Newman, Dawn, M. Burke, W. H. Reed, Sorrento (Dawlish), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), C. E. Perugini, R. H. Brooks, J. Dixon, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), W. R. B. (Plymouth), L. Desanges (Rome), B. D. Knox, W. H. D. Henvey, W. T. Hurley (Rochester), W. R. Baillem, Shadforth, E. Loudon, J. Coad, Martin F. Blair H. Cochrane, D. McColly (Galway), T. G. (Ware), Z. Ingold (Frankton), L. Penfold, E. P. Vulliamy (Glasbury), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), H. B. Hurford, H. S. B. (Fairholme), G. Joicey, E. B. Tibbits (Glasgow), G. Jeffery, F. R. Brown, and W. Miller (Cork).

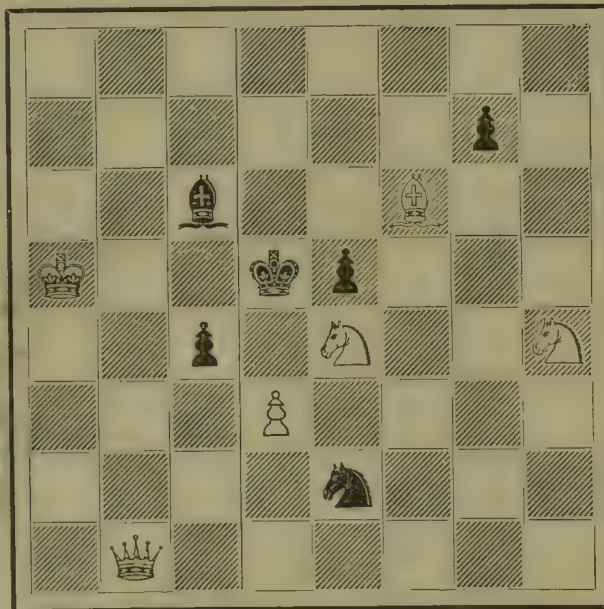
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2451.—By F. G. TUCKER.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K 6th. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2455.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN YORKSHIRE.

We quote the following, one of the finest games in the Bradford Tournament of 1889, as a good example of the late Captain Mackenzie's style.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Capt. Mackenzie)	BLACK (Blackburne)	WHITE (Capt. Mackenzie)	BLACK (Blackburne)
1. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	31. P to B 6th	Kt to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th	32. B to Q B sq	R to Q B 2nd
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	33. P to Q 4th	B to Q Kt 5th
4. B to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	34. R to R sq	Kt to Q 3rd
5. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	35. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 4th
6. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	36. B takes Kt	R takes B
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R to Q B sq	37. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
8. Castles	P takes P	38. B to B 4th	Kt to K 5th (ch)
9. P takes P	B to Q 3rd	39. K to B sq	Q to R 2nd
10. P to Q B 4th	Castles		
11. R to K sq			
So far the opening yields neither side much advantage, but the freedom of Black's Bishops is certainly in his favour.			
11. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	40. P to R 4th	R takes B
Preparing for a strong attack on the King's side.			
12. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	41. P takes R	Kt to K 6th (ch)
13. P to Q B 5th	B to K B 5th	42. K to B 2nd	Kt to K 5th (ch)
An admirable move, which not only assists his own game, but arrests as well his opponent's development. It is clear White's K B cannot be moved from K 2nd.			
14. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th	43. K to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
15. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd	44. P to K R 5th	B to Q 3rd
16. P to Kt 3rd	P takes Kt	45. P to R 6th	B takes Kt
17. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th	46. Q takes B	
18. K to Kt 2nd	P takes Kt	P takes R gives Black a fine mate in three moves by B takes P (ch), &c.	
19. Kt takes B	P to B 4th	46. R to K B 2nd	P to Kt 6th
20. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq	47. R to K R 5th	R takes P (ch)
21. R to Kt sq	Kt to K B 3rd	48. K takes P	
22. R to B 3rd	P takes P (ch)	49. K to Kt 2nd	
23. P takes P	P to Kt 5th	If now K takes R, Black either wins the Q or mates in three moves. Black has fought magnificently, and thereby enhances the value of White's victory.	
24. Kt takes P	P to B 5th	49. R to B 7th (ch)	Q to K B 2nd
25. Kt to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	50. K to Kt sq	R to B 6th
26. K to Q 3rd	P takes P (ch)	51. R to R 4th	R to B 6th
27. Kt to Kt 6th	P to Kt 5th	52. P checks	K to R sq
28. K to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th	53. P to B 7th	Q takes P
29. Q to B 2nd	P to B 6th (ch)	54. Q takes R	Q to B 4th (ch)
30. Q R to Q sq	R to B 3rd	55. K to R sq	Q to B 7th
	P to Kt 3rd	56. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q (ch)
	B to Q 3rd	57. K to Kt 2nd	Kt takes R
		58. K takes P, and wins.	

Mr. G. E. Barber, chess editor of the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, and one of the vice-presidents of the Glasgow Chess Club, has won the West of Scotland Challenge Cup for the third year in succession, and it now becomes his property.

The first annual dinner of the Cyprus Chess Club came off on April 16, and was a great success. Mr. W. Kirkland occupied the chair, and was supported by several well-known city players. In proposing "The Club" the chairman stated that it had only been started about fourteen months, and, owing to the energetic efforts of their hon. sec., they mustered at the present time something like forty-eight members. The prizes won in the recent tournament were presented on this occasion. Mr. H. J. Abbott took the first with 20 games won, lost 3; Mr. W. Wilson second, 19 won, lost 4; Mr. G. Samuel third, 18½ won, lost 4½; Messrs. Alexander and Attree fourth and fifth. The musical part of the evening was entrusted to Messrs. Lee, Knight, Haines, and Greenland.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In Miss Cobden's case, the Court of Appeal has delivered the same judgment as the lower Court on the point of the incapacity of women to sit as County Councillors under the existing laws. Their lordships, however, have reduced the profits of Sir Walter de Souza on his work as common informer from the sum of £125, which was what Mr. Justice Day proposed to fine Miss Cobden for serving her constituents, to the more moderate amount of £2 10s. Of course, Miss Cobden has to pay her own costs, and doubtless the taxed costs of Sir Walter de Souza also; but the latter will hardly profit much by his undertaking.

Lord Winchelsea has called the attention of the Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, to the manner in which certain magistrates are wresting the judgment in the Jackson case to the injury of poor working-class women who are beaten by their husbands. Until some seven years ago, a woman brutally assaulted by her husband might, indeed, have him sent to prison, but was compelled to live with him again when he returned, exasperated by his punishment. Then the Legislature passed an Act permitting magistrates to order a separation between a wife and a husband when the latter was convicted of brutally assaulting the wife, and also to give her the custody of her children, and an allowance to help her to maintain them. The Luton bench of magistrates the other day had such an assault case before them, and refused a separation order as "no longer necessary." The woman then asked for an order for an allowance for her children, and was told that "the application could not be entertained."

In so acting, the Luton bench is plainly depriving the women under its judicial authority of the protection of the Act above described. A woman cannot properly provide all the maintenance of a family of children by her own unaided exertions; nor ought a man to be freed from the burden of keeping his offspring by means of being a brute to their mother. The alternative of leaving husband and children both is open to the poor woman; but no mother's heart could allow her to avail itself of this solitary escape. The father is, on the face of it, a cruel, unloving, and ruthless brute; can the mother go and leave the little ones to his sole mercy? The Luton magistrates, therefore, have wrested the Jackson case into a means of tying ill-used wives of the working-class to husbands convicted of cruelty. The Lord Chancellor has justly described this as "perverse." To me it is a source of amazed wonder that men who are often in their own lives good and tender to their own women are so indifferent to the cruel usage of women of the lower classes. Why does a man who would not himself strike any woman, and who is miserable if his own wife is in pain, yet chuckle over and glory in handing back some other poor helpless woman to be tortured by a low savage? In other words, why did the Luton magistrates refuse that poor woman the means to keep her children, on the irrelevant ground that Mr. Jackson was forbidden to imprison Mrs. Jackson?

The Rational Dress Bazaar proved conclusively that women may be costumed perfectly modestly in bifurcated garments. It must be admitted, however, that most of the stall-holders looked funny. Any woman will exactly understand that expression. But then it is hard to say how much of the "funny" look was caused by the mere novelty of the outlines. Assuredly the discarded modes of ten, twenty, or any other number of years ago would have looked as queer. Two of the ladies in the rational dress were indeed thoroughly "smart," but they were two who are "smart" by nature—who look nice in whatever they wear—Mrs. Charles Hancock and Mrs. Oscar Wilde. The former wore her own invention, the "Eliotto" (her own Christian name spelt backwards). This was very like an ordinary lady's shooting-costume. It consisted of a rather short skirt in brown tweed, edged underneath at the bottom with leather, to sponge dry easily, gaiters to cover the ankles, and a loose front and full puffed sleeves, both of brown silk, with a tweed Zouave. Mrs. Oscar Wilde wore, under a Zouave bodice and loose shirt, long full trousers, so full as to be quite undistinguishable from a skirt. These constituted the essential feature of what was called "the Syrian" costume. It appears that these garments are made much longer than the wearer, and have elastic run in at the bottom, which fits round just under the knee, so that the trouser flaps over and falls full to the ankle. The bazaar was amusing, but not particularly convincing.

One of the features of modern civilisation is the rise and progress of great emporiums. Messrs. Peter Robinson, so long known as one of the greatest of London houses devoted to ladies' dress goods of every kind, have just erected, and are about to open, another immense block of buildings in Oxford Street. Their establishment will henceforth be quite the largest in the kingdom devoted to "everything that ladies wear." The new buildings are adjacent to the long-familiar shop at Oxford Circus, and also run a considerable distance down Great Portland Street. They will be quite an architectural ornament to the wide thoroughfare, for they mount towards the sky also, terminating at a considerable height in a handsome turreted dome. The business, of course, will be conducted on the lower floors, and the upper ones are workrooms, in which the various operations of dress- and mantle-making (to order and otherwise), millinery, and so on, are performed; while, higher than all, some of the vast army of employes will be accommodated. In this great business nearly two thousand persons are employed, of whom some seven hundred sleep on the premises—a sufficiently remarkable fact. When the size of the establishment is looked at, however, it is readily understood.

The business, commencing in 1833, has slowly developed, by reason of the convenience of having everything for ladies' wear under one roof, and of its good management. It has now absorbed twenty-seven Oxford Street houses as well as the mourning establishment in Regent Street and the large premises once known as the Crystal Palace Bazaar, the latter of which now forms Peter Robinson's costume show-room. In this spacious apartment the ready-made dresses can be fully seen to advantage. Some of them are of the most costly description. The firm purchased several thousand pounds' worth of rich brocades from the Paris Exhibition, and some of these are to be seen made up into superb dinner and reception robes on one side of the gallery. Elsewhere there are dozens of smart visiting and carriage gowns, and evening demi-toilette costumes of lace over silk, and other "dressy" combinations. Then come tailor-made costumes; and, in short, as it is the justifiable boast of the house to have in each of the twenty-seven departments, "everything for ladies' wear." Upstairs there is a capital and almost equally large show-room for mantles, another for millinery, and yet another for smart tea-gowns and comfortable indoor wraps. Boots and shoes, materials, children's clothing, laces, furs, gloves, have each their own situation. Each "department" has its own special management and its own arrangements, hence there is no confusion, and no difficulty in finding at once whatever a customer wants. It is very interesting to see so elaborate and immense an organisation running so smoothly; and how satisfactorily to the public, is shown by the continuous expansion of the business.





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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In spite of contradictions, the report of Bishop Wilkinson's resignation turns out perfectly true. He has been at last compelled to the conclusion that the work of the diocese is beyond his present powers, and that he cannot, therefore, do other than make way for a more vigorous successor. Without wishing to be ungracious, one cannot but ask what was the meaning of these "contradictions." They were unusually angry and positive; they were also totally false. One is fast being driven to adopt De Quincey's grand generalisation about anecdotes, and say that all contradictions are lies. It is too common to select one tiny part of a newspaper statement which is incorrect, and on the strength of it indignantly to contradict a whole paragraph right in every other detail. The result is that the most honourable journals are very suspicious of contradictions, and loth to insert them; and, what is worse still, when they are inserted the public invariably disbelieve them, taking the meaning to be that the publication of the statement was unwelcome.

For Dr. Wilkinson himself there will be nothing but sympathy. His real life-work, indeed, was done in a London West-End church, and it was work which has left an unmistakable stamp—which was characterised by a lofty simplicity and spirituality. No London priest had more power over his people than Dr. Wilkinson, and it was always used for the noblest ends. Those who were present at the parting meeting, when the Bishop told of the conflict of mind with which he thought of leaving them, and of his appeal to his daughter Constance, on whom he had leant since her mother died, have never doubted that, with fair health, Bishop Wilkinson might have done as much in Cornwall as Archbishop Benson.

Who will succeed him in Cornwall it would be rash to predict. But there cannot be much doubt who should succeed him—Canon A. J. Mason, who did magnificent work in Truro, and is not in his true office at present.

I am asked to say that Archdeacon Balston did the Rev. Arthur Robins, now of Windsor, the great honour of selecting him as his first curate.

A fresh illustration of the difficulty I recently referred to—that of collecting money for memorials—is furnished by the fund, which has now been open for two years, in memory of the late Dr. W. H. Monk. Only £720 has been collected, and of this 75 per cent. was to be handed to the widow.

It is emphatically denied that the retirement of the venerable chairman of the C.E.T.S., Canon Ellison, rose from dissatisfaction at internal arrangements. Canon Ellison remains a convinced believer in the Dual Basis, but his failing health, with the burden of his duties and his years, prevent his continuance in the arduous and responsible post where he has done such conspicuous service.

The Rev. A. R. Buckland, editor of one of the religious weeklies, and Professor Momerie's successor at the Foundling, is to lecture at St. Philip's, Regent Street, on April 26, on "The Press: Its Attitude towards Faith and the Church."

The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Bishop-elect of Rochester, preached his farewell sermon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on April 19.

The increase among the Wesleyan Methodists for the year amounts to fewer than 700. This is universally felt to be most disappointing. No Church, so far as I can learn, has much to

boast of in the way of advance. In the Church of England the number of confirmations has dropped alarmingly? What does it mean?

It is almost certain that the Rev. Dr. MacKenna Bowdon, Manchester, will be elected by acclamation secretary of the Congregational Union.

An important discovery of Roman remains has just been made in Lincoln. In laying down a new water-main the workmen came upon the bases of three Doric columns, in an admirable state of preservation. These bases are in a straight line with the shattered pillars discovered in May 1878, and correspond exactly with them in character and arrangement. The new discovery proves that the building of which these columns formed the façade, instead of presenting, as was thought, a six-columned portico of 70 ft. in breadth to the street, must have shown a colonnade of at least eleven columns, that number being already accounted for, and extending to the length of 160 ft. It must have been a fabric of great size and magnificence, occupying the north-western angle of the north-western quarter of the Roman city. It is to be regretted that, the position of these last-discovered columns being in a public thoroughfare, it is impossible to preserve them *in situ*.

Old Etonians have been meeting in large numbers to consider the most desirable means of celebrating the approaching 450th anniversary of the college. The Marquis of Londonderry presided; and Sir Charles Legard, who had issued the invitation, reported that all the gentlemen to whom he had written approved the idea of an Etonian dinner, except the Duke of Fife, who wrote: "The proposal to celebrate the interesting event by a dinner does not commend itself to me. By all means let us celebrate the 450th anniversary of our old school, but in a more enduring and useful manner. If it were proposed to raise a statue to one of Eton's heroes, or to establish some educational or charitable scheme which would be a lasting memorial of our affection for Eton, such a proposal would have my hearty support, rather than a dinner, which would leave little behind it when the lights were turned out and the guests departed." After some discussion it was agreed, on a motion of Sir John Astley, seconded by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Gipsy, to hold a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole (probably on June 27); and a committee to carry out the necessary arrangements was appointed.

In connection with the recent massacre of Mr. Quinton's party in Manipur, it may be mentioned that the dao with which our unfortunate countrymen are said to have been beheaded is an instrument resembling a bill-hook with a slight curve towards the point, and universal among the hill tribes of Eastern Bengal. The dao and the spear are the favourite arms of the Nagas and Kukis, who are the principal tribes in that region. The ordinary spear is about 4 ft. in length, with an iron spike at the butt end of the shaft, for the convenience of sticking in the ground; and the head or blade is about 8 in. or 10 in. long, of the ordinary flat spear shape, and with a close-fitting leather sheath for its protection. In the use of the spear the Kowpoi Nagas are especially expert, and by constant practice with bamboos, &c., the Nagas have the faculty of aiming and throwing the weapon with fatal skill. Like most savage tribes, they endeavour first to surprise their enemy, and, after throwing the spear, to come to close quarters with the dao. Their only defensive arm is a convex wicker shield. A thick cloth wrapped round the waist also affords some protection in fighting.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1889), with a codicil (dated Sept. 25, 1890), of Mr. Charles Doane, late of 23, Keppel Street, Russell Square, who died on March 2, was proved on April 11, by Frederick Cleave Loder Symonds, George Nelson Emmet, and Mrs. Clara Louisa Doland, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. There are specific gifts of pictures, horses, and dogs. Testator leaves his residence and stables, with the furniture and effects and £300, to his said niece, Mrs. Doland; £1600, upon trust, to distribute the income at Christmas among poor people of the parish of Hinton Waldrist; £4000 to Mrs. Anne Helena Shackell; £2000 to his godson, Frederick Parland Symonds; £35,000, upon trust, to pay £700 per annum to his said niece, and to appropriate one moiety of the surplus income to furthering in life his grandnephew, Alexander Nethersole Doland, and to appropriate the other moiety between his niece Mrs. Emily Sophia Tyler, her daughter, Louisa Tyler, and her son, Spencer Tyler; and other legacies. The ultimate residue of his estate is to be divided equally between the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, University College Hospital, Westminster Hospital, and the Hospital for Women, Soho Square.

The will (dated March 21, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1890), of Mr. Milbourne Clark, formerly of Grove House, Dulwich, and late of "Bardowie," Sydenham Hill, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on April 7 by William Henry Muggford, William Dicks Herbert, and John Penfold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator bequeaths £200, and his household furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Emily Susan Clark; he also leaves her, for life, his leasehold residence, Bardowie, and the income of £25,000; £10,000 to each of his children; and out of the legacy which would, under this bequest, have fallen to his late son, William John Hynes Clark, and which now goes to his children, £200 per annum is to be paid to his widow; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1891) of Mr. John Greenwood, late of Harrogate, Yorkshire, chemist, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on April 4 by Charles Greenwood, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £47,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to each of his nephews and nieces; an annuity of £100 to his sister, Mary Gunn, for life; and an annuity of £50 to his sister, Ann Smith, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said brother, Charles.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1889) of Mrs. Catherine Mary Woodroffe, late of Oaklea, Silverhill, Hastings, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on April 4 by George James Duncan and John Wits Allen Woodroffe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testatrix gives her residence, Oaklea, and all her furniture, plate, jewellery, and effects (except some articles specifically bequeathed), horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £5000 to Mrs. Adèle Orange; £3000 to Jane L. Witt; £1000 each to Allen Woodroffe, Duncan Woodroffe, and George Woodroffe, and other legacies. The Normanton and Stydd Hall estates, Derbyshire, are directed to be sold, and the proceeds held, upon trust, for Harold Goodale and his sister in equal shares. Her land at Mill Hill Park, Hendon, she devises to the said John Wits Allen Woodroffe; and her farm at

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## WEDDING PRESENTS.

An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for Wedding presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality, and the very moderate prices, will be apparent.

## HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

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Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids and Bridal Presents.

**RUBIES.**—Some very choice specimens of fine Oriental Rubies at moderate prices.

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The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

**NOVELTIES.**—A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

**CAUTION.**—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that some of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

**WATCHES.**—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

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Fine Gold and Pearl Horseshoe Brooch, £1 15s.

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The Largest and Choicest Stock in London.

The Times: "The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the low prices of which, combined with admirable taste, defies competition and deserves attentive examination."



Fine Diamond Crescent and Bar Brooch, £10.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

Goods forwarded to the Country on approval.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Ring, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £50.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, £10.

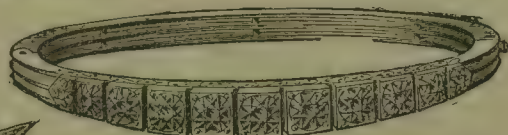
Fine Pearl Daisy and Fancy Drop Necklet, £10.



Fine Diamond Double Heart and Knot Brooch, £15.



Fine Pearl Double-Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond Half-Loop Bracelets, from £20.



Fine Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £9.



Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £20.



Fine Diamond Three-Swallow Safety Brooch, £5.

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Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

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A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiaras, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits. An inspection is respectfully invited.

**SAPPHIRES** from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

## CASH PRICES.

The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

**APPROBATION.**—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

## COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

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Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

**TESTIMONIALS.**—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers are a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

**OLD JEWELLERY,** Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

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**CATALOGUE,** containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

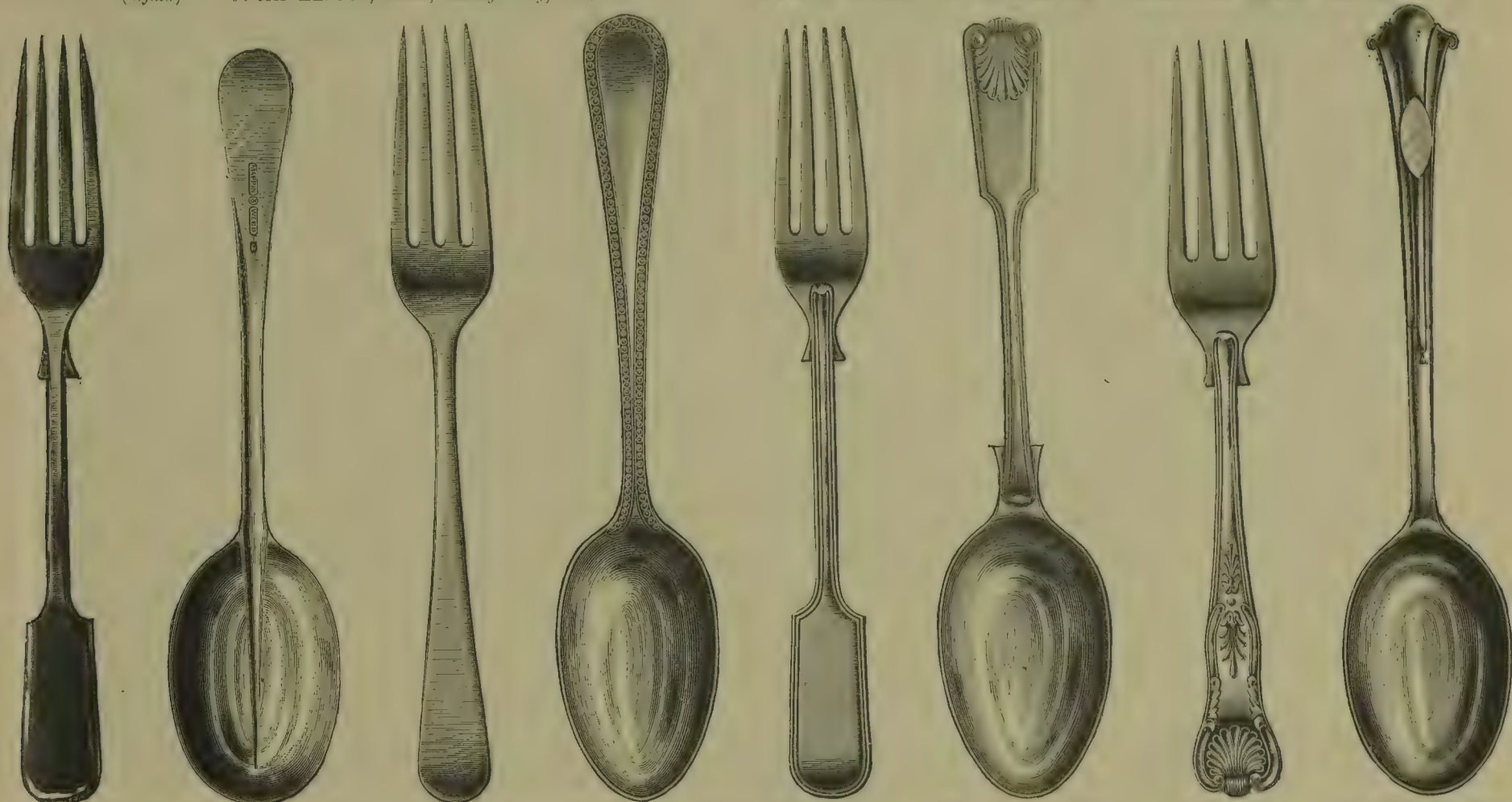
GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W. Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.



# MAPPIN & WEBB'S HEAVILY PLATED SPOONS & FORKS.

*"Victoria Club, Jersey, June 14, 1890.  
Gentlemen,—I think it is due to you to record, as a proof of the excellence of your plated ware, that I purchased from you in the year 1865 a case of spoons, forks, &c., of your first quality. I took them to India, where for many years they withstood the ill-usage of native servants, and they are still almost as good as when I got them, having been in constant use for twenty-five years. You are at liberty to make any use you choose of this communication.—I remain, yours faithfully,  
(Signed) G. MACKENZIE, Colonel, Bombay Army, Retd."*

**"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."  
PRICES AND SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.  
Beware of Cheap Imitations.  
EVERY PIECE IS STAMPED "MAPPIN AND WEBB."**



**18 to 22, POULTRY (Opposite the Mansion House), E.C., and 158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.**      **Manufactory—Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.**

## ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

**USEFUL TO FIREMEN.**  
Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—  
"Aug. 27, 1890.  
"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.  
"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.  
"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.  
"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

**ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.**  
MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— "Jan. 7, 1890.  
"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

**LUMBAGO.**  
From a Justice of the Peace.  
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

**FOOTBALL.**  
Forfar Athletic Football Club.  
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

**STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.**  
From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World."  
"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

**RUNNING.**  
A Blackheath Harrier writes:—  
"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

**SORE THROAT FROM COLD.**  
From a Clergyman.  
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

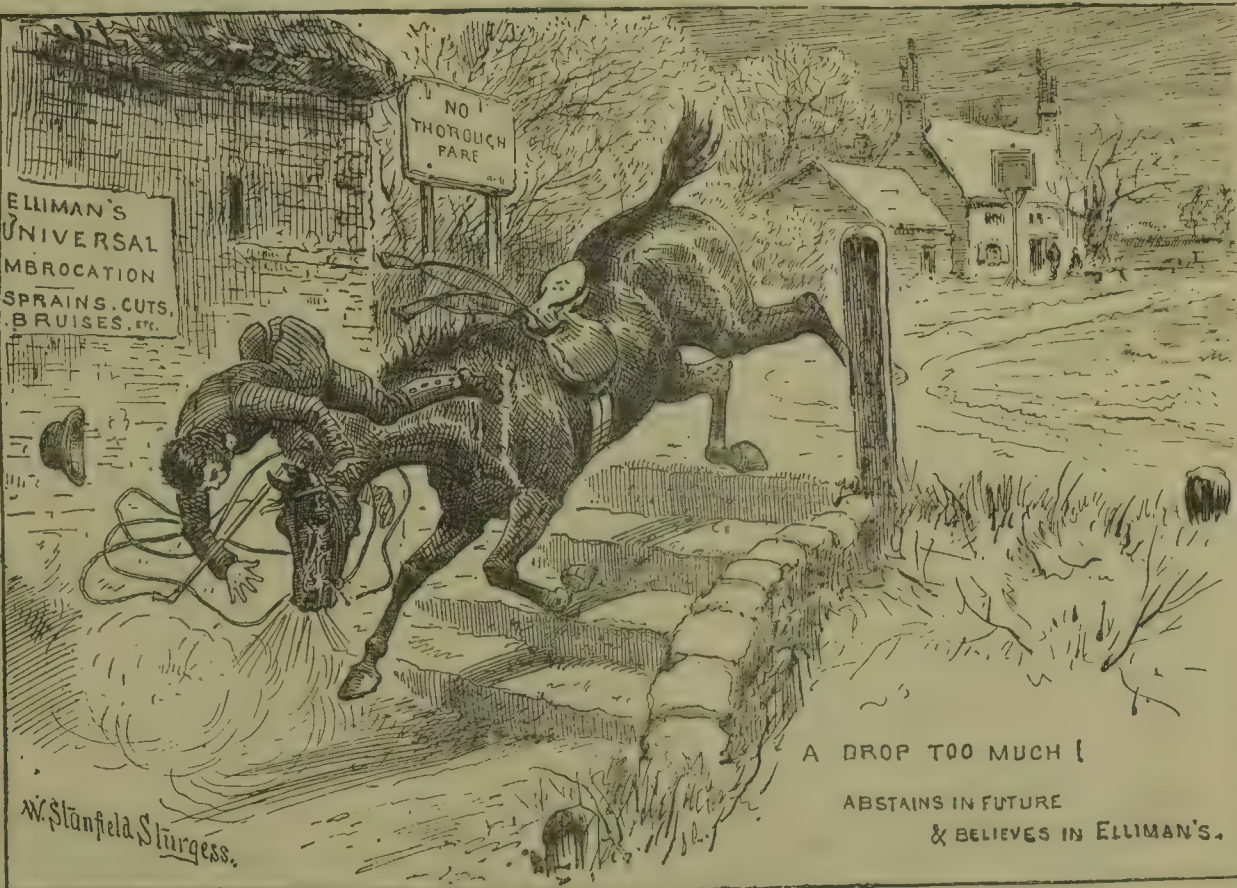
**CRAMP.**  
CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—  
"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

**SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.**  
H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—  
"Use your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

**ACCIDENT.**  
From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.  
"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

**CYCLING.**  
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.  
"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

**RHEUMATISM.**  
From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.  
"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



**FOR ACHES AND PAINS!  
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.  
"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."  
ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.**

**"And it I will have, or I will have none."**      *Taming of the Shrew. Act IV. Sc. 3.*



Wymeswold, Leicestershire, to the Rev. John Blacke Woodroffe. The residue of her personal estate she bequeaths to the said George James Duncan and the Earl of Aberdeen, to be applied by them for such philanthropic and charitable purposes as they in their uncontrolled discretion shall seem fit.

The will (dated May 19, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 19, 1890, and Jan. 24, 1891), of Mrs. Elizabeth Woodthorpe Hamilton, late of Cranfield Lodge, Upper Norwood, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on April 4 by the Rev. John Burbridge, Arthur Cremer Smith, and Henry Ainslie Hill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous pecuniary and specific legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she gives two fourteenths to the said Rev. John Burbridge; one fourteenth each to Walter John Burbridge, Jacobina Julia Moore, Richard Harbert, Mand Burt, Emma Barnes, Emma Lesturgeon, Ada Lesturgeon, Richard Lanfear, Elizabeth Wilkinson, and Eliza Tanner; one fourteenth between Jane Clarke and Elizabeth Wilkinson; and one fourteenth between the children of the late Mrs. Sarah Lesturgeon.

The will (dated June 6, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Ingle Ellis, late of Thriplow, Cambridgeshire, who died on Aug. 11 last, was proved on April 4 by George Jonas and Isaac Ebenezer Saunders, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths certain furniture and effects, £1000, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Selina Ann Ellis; £3000 to each of his five daughters; and complimentary legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son, Arthur Cole Ellis.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1887), of Mr. Richard Aubrey Cartwright, J.P., D.L., late of Edgecote House, Northamptonshire, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on April 10 by Aubrey Thomas Carter Cartwright, the son, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator makes provision for his other children; and gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his son who shall succeed to the Edgecote Estate.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 4, 1890), of Miss Elizabeth Anne Freeman, late of Aylesbury Villa, Hove, Sussex, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 4 by Frederick Abell Humphry, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 to her nephew, Thomas Arthur Freeman; £4000 to her niece, Helen Freeman; £3500 to the Rev. Charles Abel Hentley; £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Annette Elizabeth Sale, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue, as she shall appoint; £2000, upon trust, for Helen Matilda Freeman, for life, and then for the Home for Invalid Children, 70, Montpelier Road, Brighton; £100 each to the Chichester Diocesan Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Connaught Institute, Brighton; and several other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be equally divided between Mrs. A. E. Sale and Dora Firth.

The Bohemian Musical Society gave one of their enjoyable "ladies' nights" at the Crystal Palace on April 15. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., was in the chair, and there was a large attendance. The entertainment was of the usual miscellaneous character, and of more than usually extensive proportions, between thirty and forty artists taking part in the programme.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A few steps out of the hospital ward, and we arrive at the dissecting-room. Down a little lower, still a few steps lower down, and we come to the dead-house. There, for the present, Ibsen has left us. From "Ghosts" to "Rosmersholm": from "Rosmersholm" to "Hedda Gabler"—who knows where the "master" will lead us next? Probably into the cemetery and the graveyard, among the evil spirits and the ghouls. Thanks to Miss Elizabeth Robins and to Miss Marion Lea, to Mr. Elwood and to Mr. Scott Buist, the admirers of the new school have scored what they claim to be a victory. "We are winning! We are winning!" shouted the dramatic radicals, as with natural enthusiasm they crowded on one another's heels out of the little theatre. The jargon of the new faith had been caught up by the willing disciples and the lovers of the morbid. "I like the play, because it is so unconventional!" "It interests me, because the trick of the theatre is so conspicuously absent!" "The people on the stage are so delightfully wicked, and do such extraordinary things. It is all so deliciously horrible!" These were some of the remarks that forced themselves on the attentive ear. No doubt all this was said in perfectly good faith. "Hedda Gabler" had interested an audience—a certain audience. "Hedda Gabler" had been acted as few expected it could have been acted in this country. The text had been carefully and conscientiously revised. Certain notorious passages had been suppressed. The condition of Mrs. Hedda Gabler was not too carefully inquired into. The curiosity of the maiden aunt was checked. The suggestive thoughts of Judge Brack were kept in the background. The "master" was not allowed to talk exactly as he did at the outset. By supreme art the sense of the ludicrous, which bubbles up all over the text, was strangled at its birth. The audience was spellbound. I grant it. Those who came to laugh remained to pause, if not to pray. But, for my own part, I shall not believe that the new school has made many converts until the professors of it have the courage of their opinions. Let them put up "Hedda Gabler" for a run. Let them place it before the public and submit it to a jury of playgoers, who know no more about Ibsen than the man in the moon. The distrust of Ibsen has been compared to the distrust of Wagner. Surely it is time now to test the question whether the "drama of the future" is a stern reality or a passing whim!

I prefer for the present to say little here about Ibsen's last play. There it is, in print. Anyone can purchase it at the nearest bookseller's shop. It is open to the enthusiast and the sceptic alike. It is well that everyone should read it for themselves. It is right that we should all have a forecast of the future. It will aid discussion and argument if the new pessimistic play is read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested; but whether those who conscientiously oppose pessimism as illuminated by art write "fluff" or not, at least I may be permitted the honesty of owning that "Hedda Gabler," when tackled by clever and conscientious students, acts far better than it reads.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, who has recently distinguished herself in the second rôle in Ibsen's "Doll's House," has distinguished herself still more as the repulsive heroine of Ibsen's last work. A woman more morally repulsive has seldom been seen on the stage. She talks with conviction and acts like a lunatic. The daughter of General Gabler is what would be called in England a "garrison hack." She has danced till she is

sick of it. Society bores her; she is threatened with the crime of being an old maid. So she marries the first fool who offers her home and sustenance. The woman has taken a false oath at the altar. She has told a lie, and intends to stick to it. Faithfulness does not enter into her creed, and she abhors maternity and its duties. She insults her husband and his relations. She falls in with the idea of a "triple alliance" between herself, her husband, and her husband's sensual but best friend. She discovers that her old chum and school companion is under the influence of a man "who seems in the way of improvement yet." That alliance she determines to crush. She is the serpent with the fangs; her woman friend is the trembling rabbit. The man hovering on the brink of ruin, whom she might save and ennoble, she urges to suicide. She glories in destruction. When he is dead the only sorrow she has is that he has not killed himself artistically. He has made an ugly corpse. But she applauds his pluck in "breaking away from the banquet of life—so early!" Her eyes brighten, and her nervous system glows when she reflects that "Lövborg has had the courage to live his life after his own fashion!" Think only what this means. The same justification would apply to a burglar, a seducer, and a murderer. If Peace and Mrs. Pearcey had only committed suicide after their burglary and murder, they would have been justified by the propagandist of lawlessness. "Brave man, Lövborg, to deceive three women, and then to die by your own hand!" proclaims Mrs. Hedda Gabler. And when she finds that she has made one fatal mistake in her life, and put herself into the power of her husband's best friend, the sensualist, this woman of the new school uses her last pistol on her own brain—or what is left of it—and the curtain falls. Miss Elizabeth Robins approached her task with artistic glee, and crowned it with undoubted success. The lovers of sustained art should not miss it, even if the play itself shocks them. The character grew under the influence of the actress. Her face was a study. No one could move their eyes from her. It was the morbid attraction that we have felt at the Central Criminal Court at a great murder trial. What changes of expression and of manner! What watchfulness! What a sublime study of deceit and heartlessness! It is said there are such women in the world. There may be, but thank God they are the rare exception, not the rule! And Miss Elizabeth Robins has done what no doubt she fully intended to do. She has made vice attractive by her art. She has almost ennobled crime. She has stopped the shudder that so repulsive a creature should have inspired. She has glorified an unwomanly woman. She has made a heroine out of a sublimated sinner. She has fascinated us with a savage.

And what better contrast to this sane lunatic, to this reasoning madwoman, than the gentle, sweet-faced, almost angelic Mrs. Elvsted as played by Miss Marion Lea! We saw exactly the woman before our eyes. There she was, fair as a lily, with her glory of yellow hair and frightened eyes, weak as water, irresolute, a reed shaken by the winds, but a woman gaining courage and almost nobility under a strong influence. The mere look of Mrs. Elvsted, her mild, wondering face, her pathetic voice, her intense trustfulness, almost brought tears to the eyes! Miss Marion Lea's performance is, in its way, as remarkable as that of Miss Robins. The one is the complement of the other.

And surely the Lövborg of Mr. Arthur Elwood is quite as fine a study of character. He exaggerated nothing in tone or demeanour or dress. We saw the strong intellectual man going under. We perceived the flash of power that survived



"DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK!"

*A Study from Life. The Water Trough represented is one of those supplied by the Proprietors of Hudson's Soap to Shopkeepers, with a request that they may be placed on the pavement during the Summer Months, for Thirsty Dogs.*

"The Luxury of Pure Sweet Linen." The Family Wash of a large or small Household can be quickly done with ease and economy by using HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP. Hudson's makes clothes white as snow; sweet as roses; fresh as sea breezes. HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is a perfect hard-water soap, a cold-water soap, a soft-water soap, a hot-water soap. Dirt cannot exist where Hudson's Soap is used for all domestic washing, cleaning, and scouring. The Sweetest, Healthiest Homes are those where HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is in daily use. Sold in 4-lb. packets, in dozens and half-dozens, for family use.





## ALL RHEUMATIC, NERVOUS, AND ORGANIC DISORDERS,

Including Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Exhaustion, Impaired Vitality, Brain Fag, Sleeplessness, Ladies' Ailments, Hysteria, Indigestion, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Troubles, &c., yield like magic to the marvellous healing properties of

### HARNESS'

# ELECTROPATHIC BELT



A BOON TO  
MEN.

HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS

A BLESSING TO  
WOMEN.

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, at the Company's ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.



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TRADE MARK.

PAMPHLET  
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**NEURO-WEAKNESS CURED.**  
"I am very glad to say that the Electro-Pathic Belt has cured me of my Neuro-Weakness. I have been suffering from this complaint for many years, and have tried every remedy, but have not been able to get any relief. Since I have worn your Belt, I feel much better, and my strength is returning. I am a great debtor to you for the cure you have given me. I am, Sir, very truly, your obedient servant, J. B. HARRISON, 10, St. James's Place, London, W."

DR.  
ANDREW  
WILSON'S  
OPINION.

"The Medical Battery Co.'s Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, Oxford-street, London, W.)"



ELECTRO-DENTAL DEPARTMENT NOW OPEN FOR EVERY FORM OF  
PAINLESS DENTISTRY AND BEST ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

IMPAIRED VITALITY RESTORED.

Mr. J. BOTTING, 2, Garden Mews, Linden Gardens, W., writes, Jan. 23, 1891:  
"Your Electro-Pathic Belt has made a man of me again."

READ THE FOLLOWING RECENT  
CONVINCING TESTIMONIALS,  
WHICH ARE SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS.

A SURGEON-GENERAL'S OPINION.

Surgeon-General Wm. E. TUNSON, M.D., F.R.C.S., writing from  
11, Ventnor Villas, West Brighton, Feb. 23, 1891, says:

"I have worn your Electro-Pathic Belt for more than a year, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its efficacy in my case. Before wearing it I suffered from Lassitude and Torpid Liver with concomitant Nervous Exhaustion. These symptoms subsided after wearing the Belt, and I have experienced far better health under its use. I would not go without it on any account. I am of opinion that it would have a most beneficial effect on residents in tropical climates, particularly those who are liable to a sedentary life, and as Belts are considered a great protection in India, and highly recommended, yours made of a lighter material would, I feel sure, be an important desideratum for most Anglo-Indians, and residents in tropical climates. You may make use of my testimonial."

SCIATICA AND KIDNEY DISEASE.

Mr. THOMAS DAY, 47, Myddelton Street, Clerkenwell, E.C., writes, Jan. 10, 1891:

"For ten years my wife had been a great sufferer from Sciatica and Kidney diseases, but since wearing one of your Electro-Pathic Belts she feels much better in health, and has strongly recommended them."

ENLARGED LIVER.

"24, Mayall Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E., Jan. 26, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—In October last I purchased one of your Electro-Pathic Belts for Enlarged Liver, and, since wearing it, I have felt better and do not suffer from Cramp so much as formerly, nor from that tired, languid feeling to which I used to be subject too frequently. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish.—Yours truly, HENRY WOODCOCK."

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT is light and comfortable in wear, and is guaranteed to imperceptibly generate a mild continuous current of electricity, which cannot fail to invigorate the debilitated constitution. It also promotes the circulation, gives tone to muscles and nerves, and speedily arrests any sign of PREMATURE DECLINE OF VITAL ENERGY. RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE and all who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation should write at once to the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, for a copy of their descriptive Illustrated Pamphlet and Book of Testimonial, which may be obtained gratis and post free on application.

MR. C. B. HARNESS, PRESIDENT, THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE,  
52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.  
(At the corner of Rathbone Place.)

The Largest and only Complete Electro-Therapeutic Institute in the World.



the depravity. We understood how such a man, with such physical gifts, with such intellectual force, with such a face, could gain the ascendancy over a trickster like Hedda Gabler, a weak fair-haired Magdalen like Mrs. Elvsted, and the dissolute red-haired actress in whose loveless arms he died! Few who saw it will forget the scene between Hedda and Løvborg over the photographs; the scene with the pistols that precedes Mr. Elwood's really fine exit to his death; the scene of the burning of the manuscript by Hedda; or the last scene at the stove between Hedda and the Judge. All credit should be given for the development of them alike to Miss Robins, to Mr. Elwood, and to Mr. Charles Sugden, who had a most difficult task, but acquitted himself admirably. The sensuality of Judge Brack was suggested, never asserted. Nor, indeed, should considerable praise be denied to Mr. Scott Buist for his impersonation of George Tesman. A kindly, affectionate nature, but a weak and foolish man. No wonder such a man bored Hedda Gabler! No wonder he jarred upon her nerves! She married him in her imperious way, and she intended to snub him for the term of his natural life. I am not likely to forget a scene in the last act, where these four characters are contrasted by Miss Robins, Miss Marion Lea, Mr. Sugden, and Mr. Scott Buist. It was a triumph of intellectual acting. Even such minor characters as the old aunt and the servant were acted to perfection by Miss Cowan and Miss Chapman.

It may be true that Ibsen can draw character, can create men and women alluring to the artist; that the very simplicity of his dialogue can fascinate the imaginative and sensitive actor or actress, and that he gives them scope for a freer use of their talent than they have hitherto enjoyed. So far as we have gone, Ibsen's lines have fallen into pleasant places. The people who

have taken him up have done so devotedly and as with a religion. The play of "Hedda Gabler" is not only acted well but has been rehearsed to perfection. But if I were asked if it is a well-made play, a play for the people, a wholesome play, an instructive play, a play that amuses, or elevates, or assists the imagination or fancy, or fairly contrasts the good with the bad, the evil in life with the good, I should answer "No." We take it down with a gulp, and shudder afterwards. And there is no positive proof that such a dose of medicine does anybody any good whatever.

There has just been caught at Paultons, near Romsey, a monster specimen of the horned eagle owl. The remains of several tame pheasants having been seen about, a trap was set, and the depredator was found caught fast by the toes. The bird measures 5 ft. from tip to tip of the wings, and is in grand plumage. Instead of trying to take it alive its captors killed it by means of a stick which broke its back, and it is now being stuffed.

The influenza epidemic has broken out very fiercely in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and also at Rotherham, Sheffield, Hull, and Leeds. It has been particularly marked around Hull, the death-rate at which in one week was 42.5, against 24.8 at Sheffield and 26.8 at Leeds. In one institution at Hull there are a dozen well-marked cases. In Rotherham and district the disease is spreading, and at Wath, where it also prevails, there has been a fatal case. Several medical men are reported to have been affected. So far the disease has appeared in a very mild form, and nothing like a panic has been created, except at Driffield, where the local industries

have been affected, and the attendance of children at the schools has been diminished in consequence of the malady. At Leeds the cases are very few.

The funeral of Mr. Tapling, M.P., took place on April 17. A preliminary service was held at Gumley, Leicestershire, and was attended by relatives and friends, including Lord Kings-town and Lord Dunsany, and representatives of both political parties in the Harborough Division. The attendance was very large. After the service the body was conveyed to Kibworth Station for conveyance to London, and was interred in the family mausoleum at Norwood on the same day.

Lady Stanley of Preston would seem to be very popular in Ottawa, a fact due as much to her unassuming ways as to her kindly interest in every good Canadian movement. Among other institutions which owe their existence to her is the Lady Stanley Institute for Trained Nurses, which has just been formally opened in the Canadian capital. Similar educational schools have done noble work in large towns in the United States.

Sir Daniel Wilson, the distinguished president of the University of Toronto, has been studying the theories regarding the first discovery of North America, and gives his adhesion to the belief that Nova Scotia was visited by Northmen about 1005 A.D., or nearly five centuries before Columbus set foot on American soil. Leif or Leif Eriksson, a son of the first coloniser of Greenland, was the bold discoverer, but the "Vinland"—so-called from the reported discovery of vine-trees and grapes—offered no adequate temptation to the adventurers, and so its traditions almost faded out of memory, or were recalled only as the legend of a fabulous age.

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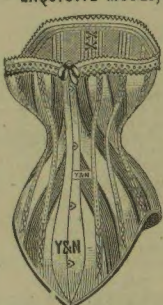
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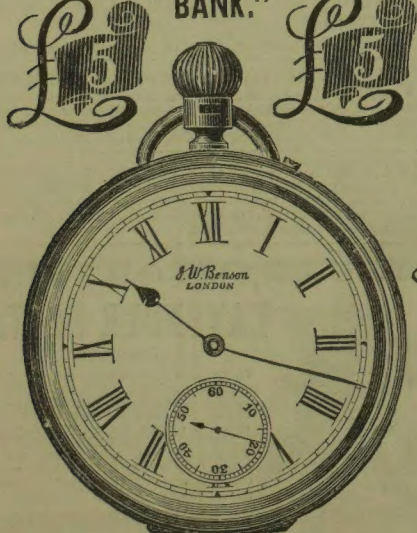
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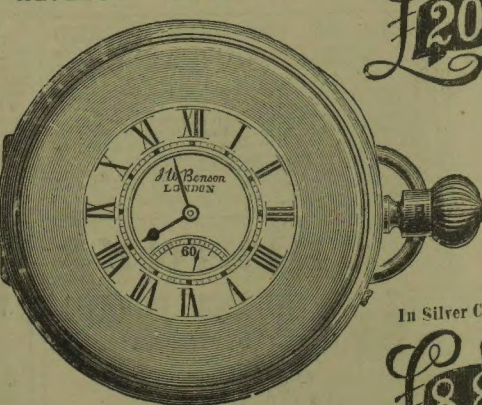
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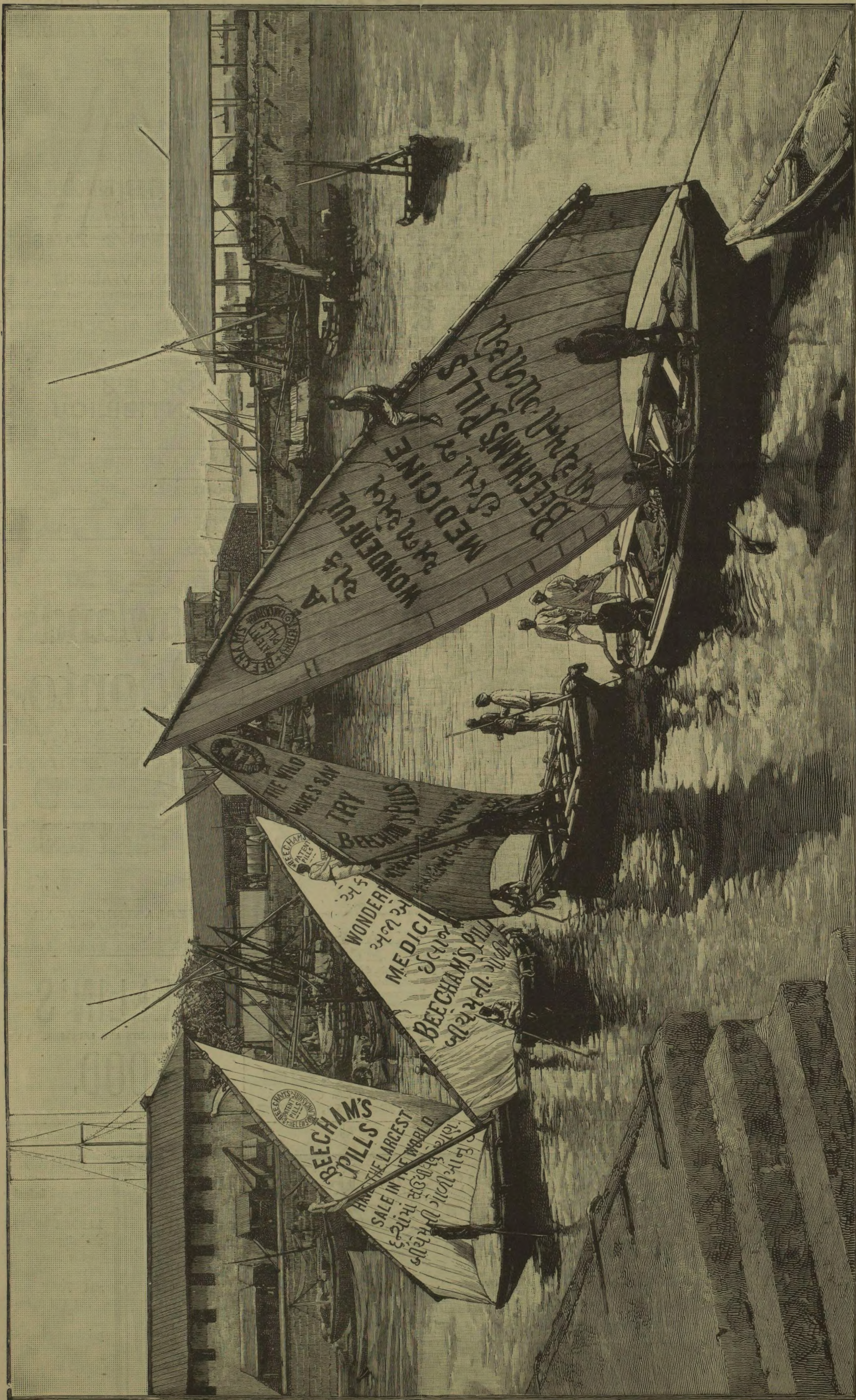
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